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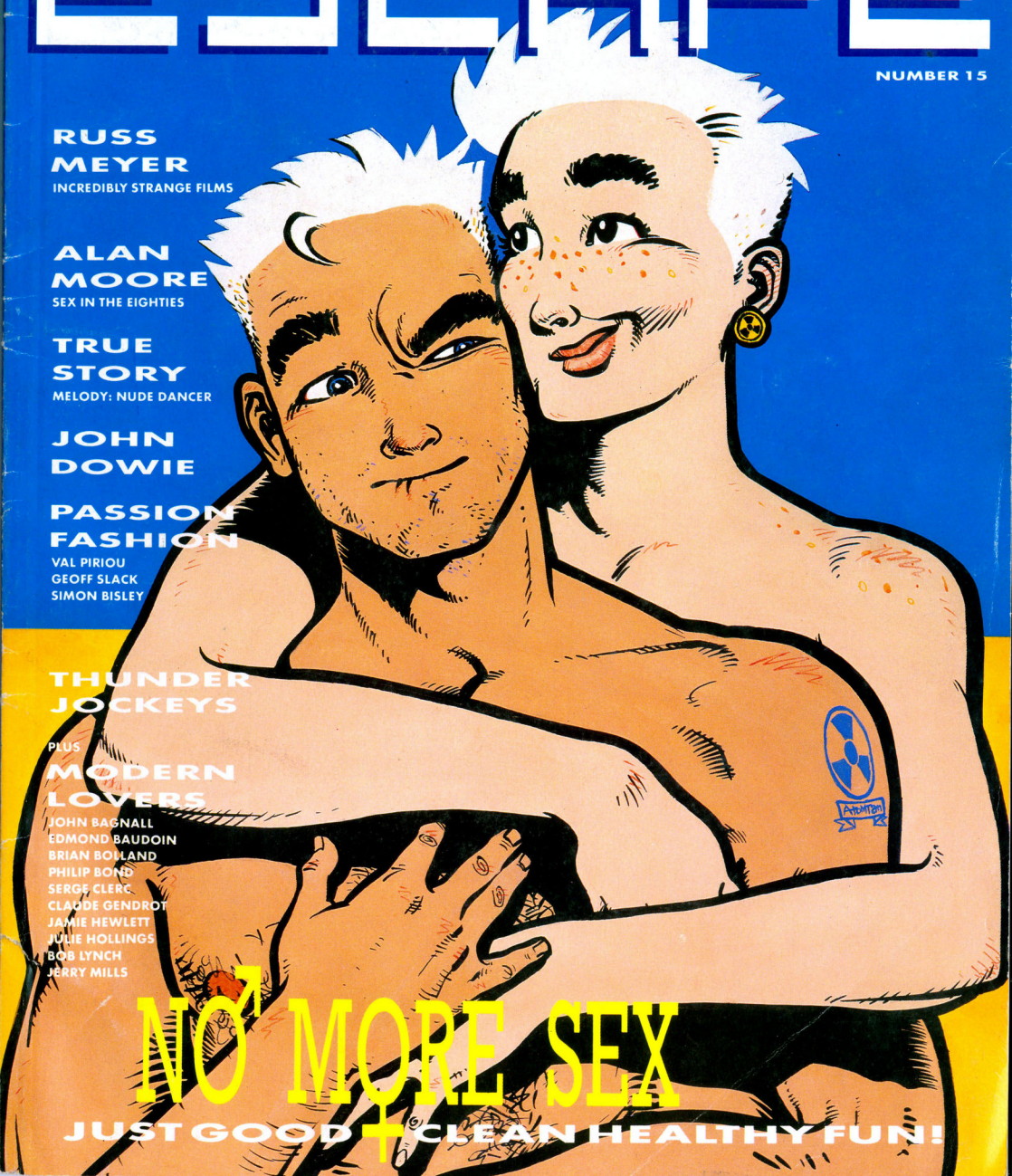
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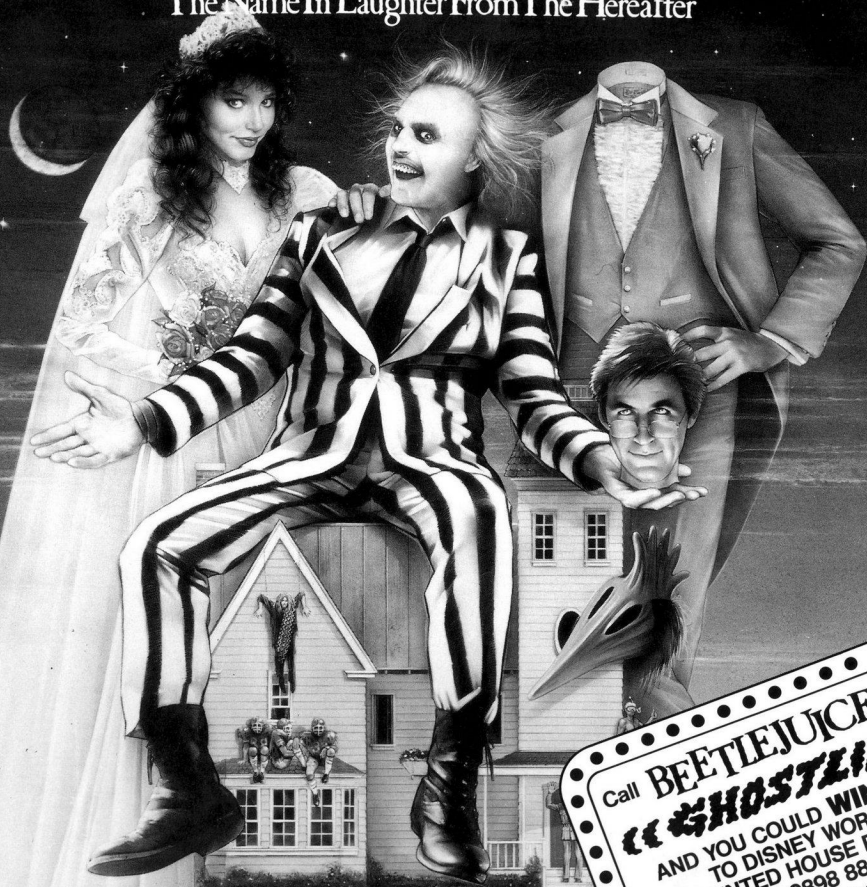
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'DESIRE' BY THE THUNDERJOCKEYS. SEE PAGE 37

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**EDITORIAL ADDRESS:**  
156 MUNSTER ROAD, LONDON SW6 5RA  
**TO ADVERTISE:**  
RING PAUL GRAVETT ON 01 731 1372  
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ESCAPE is published every two months  
by Titan Books Ltd.  
ESCAPE NUMBER 15 (ISSN 0264-1667)



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# NO<sup>♂</sup> MORE SEX<sup>♀</sup>

Alan Moore on shoehorning Women back into the kitchen,  
Gays into the closet, and Sex into the marital bedroom

**F**IRSTLY, FORGET GOD. If God exists, it's unlikely that SpaceTime's creator worries about our love-lives. A God who'd forego super novae to catch Sol III's microbes having oral sex is just plain creepy, and has no place in this discussion. Neither do our Jimmy Swaggarts, claiming to represent the deity between visits to the knocking shop. While discussing human desire, let's ignore superhumans and subhumans.

Secondly, forget 'unnatural' sex. Most natural creatures, excluding a few Presbyterian termites, will hump anything within reach if inclined, ignoring gender, species and family relationship. Lacking a hunky tom within pheromone-range, Tabby will back onto your winklepickers without embarrassment. Besides, since when does humanity do things naturally? Camels don't wear polyester slacks. Amoebas know nothing of Shake'n'Vac. Every other human enterprise flaunts nature, so why is sex special?

Because it's powerful. Along with death, it's life's propelling force. Control sex and death, and controlling populations becomes simple. Death's easily subjugated: William Burroughs observed that anyone who can lift a frying pan owns death. Similarly, those owning the most pans, troops, tanks or warheads own the most death, and can regulate the supply accordingly. Death's a pushover, but how do you control desire?

Well, fear and guilt packaged as religion ought to be good for a few thousand years. When the ideology becomes threadbare, you simply employ more forceful salesmen: Jimmy Swaggart. Jerry Falwell. Sex is also restricted by self-policing family units: building blocks that, if arranged into neat pyramids, form stable societies — providing the blocks are the same size and shape (and colour, preferably). Despite reducing relationships to Lego bricks, it's a serviceable theory. During agricultural times, extended families proved most efficient for running farms and paying tithes.

Industrial times demanded different models, producing the nuclear family, small and mobile enough to follow work citywards and inhabit the limited space available. 22 children replaced their parents on the production line, and the social engine trundled onwards...until 1956.

In 1956, white collars first outnumbered blue in America's workforce. Western society entered its post-industrial mode, social structures changing accordingly. The nuclear family gradually collapsed, to be replaced by...the post-nuclear family? Post-nuclear families are flexible. We divorce, remarry, stay single, childless or celibate, living with partners of the same sex, the opposite sex, both, neither. We raise children alone, with partners, in communes, or, increasingly rarely, in traditional nuclear families.

Perceiving this shift towards multiple choice as chaos, many long for simpler bygone times. Their leaders, like all good whores, willingly accommodate these fantasies — Victorian nannies and grizzled cowpokes a speciality. Canute-like, our leaders attempt to reverse society's tides; retreating from the future towards an imaginary past; shoehorning women back into the kitchen, gays into the closet, sex into the marital bedroom. But those things have grown too big. No amount of pushing will get those doors closed again. All we'll do is crush people.

Sex exceeds politics, right or left (assuming you still differentiate). Mary Whitehouse or Andrea Dworkin may outlaw pornography, but can't stop people wanting it, regardless of legality. Similarly, Section 28 cannot remove the desire for homosexuality. Consenting sex cannot be prevented. There's regrettably little evidence that even *un*-consenting sex can be curtailed by legislation alone. Perhaps desire is better comprehended than contained? Perhaps sexual openness would mean less morbid longings, festering alone in darkness?

Despite a panic-stricken 'moral' backlash, we progress slowly towards tolerance, understanding. Our sexual turbulence and shattered preconceptions may resolve themselves into a new approach to sex, more various and humane, accepting different loves and lusts without reshaping them into Meccano for our social scaffolding. Sexual awareness rides an upward exponential curve, unchecked by politicians, popes, police-chiefs. But what of plague?

Is AIDS sufficient to keep the erotic genie in its bottle? Televised health warnings seem increasingly less anti-disease than anti-sex. A youth writhes, unnerved by the ominous soundtrack, while his fishnetted date lounges invitingly. Rather than donning a condom and squelching deliciously till dawn, it's implied that he should go home to sleep with hands above blankets.

Novelists, who should know better, bemoan the inevitability of less sex in fiction. Surely AIDS isn't transmitted by smut? The only viruses afflicting literature are viral ideas of censorship, spreading through parliament, press, publishers and public, leading art towards the terminal ward. Obviously this over-reaction doesn't make AIDS less terrifying. Quite simply, it will decimate us. While experts demand less discrimination to facilitate monitoring the virus, our government responds with Section 28. Remember that Britain is relatively *enlightened* concerning AIDS, and shudder.

So, no more sex? On screen, between soft covers or especially in reality? I don't believe it. Sex survived horrific syphilis epidemics, aroused blood rushing from the brain, ensuring sex continues whatever the dangers. We'll die of sex or live with it, but never stop it. Even preventing all physical contact wouldn't prevent sex, which occurs more in minds than mucous membranes. We think about sex approximately every twenty minutes. Lacking physical contact, we'd just think harder. Thermanuclear war would barely slow sex down. Within millennia, cockroaches would rewrite the Kama Sutra.

AIDS may even hasten sexual enlightenment, this sexual crisis mirroring similar crises in our environment and economies, all forcing a simple, brutal decision: change or die. Change our environmental policies or starve. Change our sexual furtiveness or die, as they say, of ignorance. Up in arms or down in flames, the choice is still ours. Our bodies are ours. No more sex?

Don't be silly.

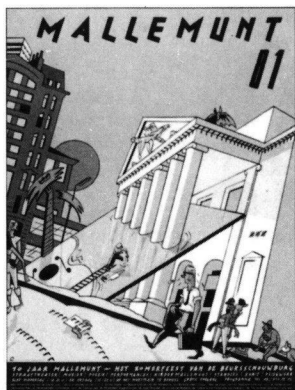
Alan Moore with Phyllis Moore and Debbie Delano have set up a new publishing company, *Mad Love*. This August, *Mad Love* will release a seventy-two page benefit anthology of work donated by the world's top comics creators, *AARCH: Artists Against Rampant Government Homophobia* — see S K P to know Moore.



# EVER MEULEN



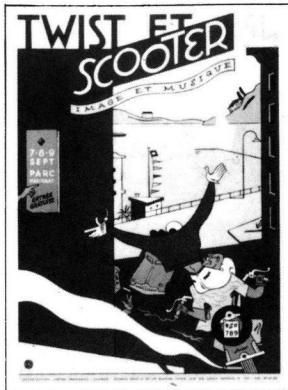
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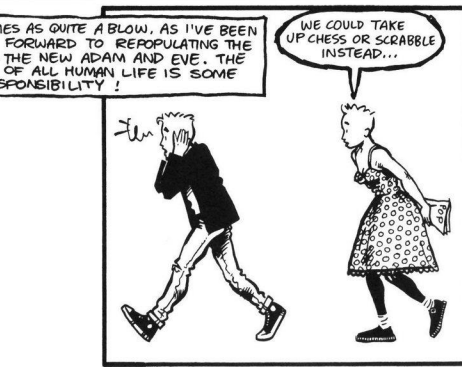
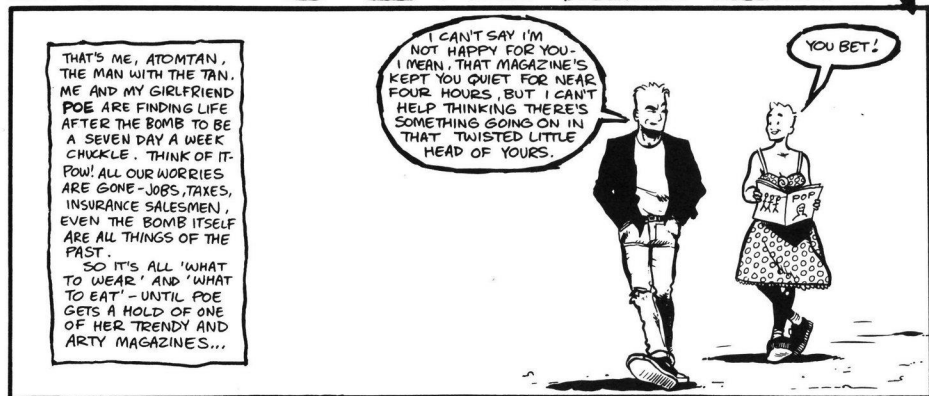
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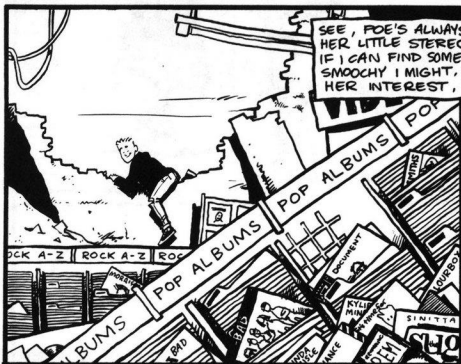
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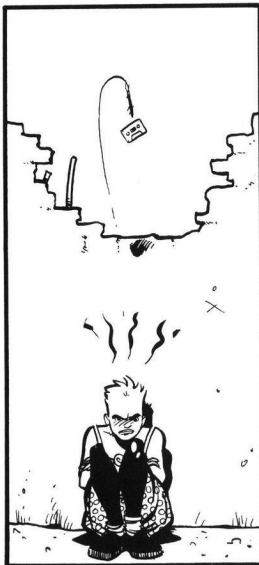
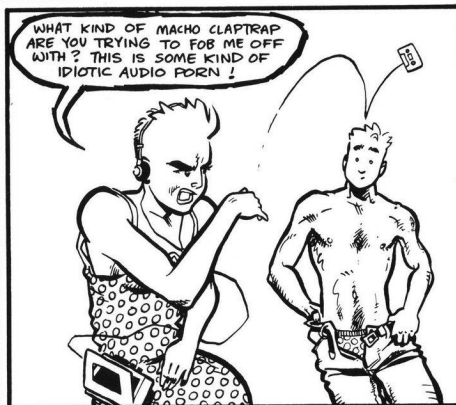




"SMOOCY SOUL CLASSICS VOL. 38?"









Russ Meyer directed such epics as *Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill!*, *Mudhoney* and *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. In all, he's cranked out twenty-nine of these brazen-breasted fetishistic fun-features, which have offended film critics with his cartoonish excesses and outraged feminists with his Neanderthal portrayal of women. But through festivals and videos, these same movies have also built up a worldwide cult following, who lap up his trademark mix of ludicrous plots, hefty doses of violence and humour, and of course, aggressive femmes with, in Meyer's words, 'pneumatic' chests.

Several of his films pioneered advances in freedom of sexual expression on screen. His 1959 box-office smash *The Immoral Mr. Teas* was the first 'nude-cutie'. It's the story of a man with the power to see all women stark naked, whatever they are wearing. The film sparked off numerous court cases, which won enough legal ground for hundreds more nude-cutie movies to follow it. Similarly, his 1964 hit *Lorna*, with its added ingredient of 'noir' violence, paved the way for countless imitators.

Born in 1922 in San Leandro, California, Meyer was given his first camera by his mother when he was fourteen. His other teenage obsession, film-making became his job during World War Two and his career ever since. Today America's most innovative sexploitation film-maker lives in a palatial home high in the Hollywood Hills. When Dale Ashman arrived, Mr Meyer had just got back from the supermarket. 'I'll be with you in a second,' he said, as he lead Dale inside. 'Meanwhile, just feast your eyes on breasts and let them fill you with awe.' After a good half an hour ogling Meyer's amazing memorabilia and colour photographs, Dale joined Russ on the patio...

## RUSS MEYER

NOTHING THAT I WILL EVER DO in my life will begin to approach what I did in the war. I was a combat cameraman. I stuck my neck out, enjoyed it enormously. When I came back, we thought that we, as returning heroes, should be given a shot at working in Hollywood. But there were a lot of other guys returning who had worked in Hollywood before they went into the service. So being turned down was depressing, but when I went back to San Francisco, I was put in touch with a man named Gene Walker. He gave me a great opportunity, shooting industrial movies. My films are in a sense documentaries. I often have a narrator, exposition, minimal dialogue, people who are not professional actors, as a rule.

*The sense of humour in your films is pretty wild. What were some of your influences to develop that style?*

My first influence was Al Capp's *L'il Abner*. I'd copy his drawings studiously, only I would make the tits bigger, and the tits on his women were always pretty good sized. I think my first introduction to satire, which I prefer to call my stuff rather than humour, was through Capp. It didn't really hit me as such at the time, but as time went on I began to see that he was really dealing satirically with the country as a whole...politics, religion and whatever have you...an amazing, remarkable man. I also developed an enormous feeling for W.C. Fields. From the very early years, I found him to be an extremely amusing man. Unlike Chaplin or Keaton, Fields really represented the essence of humour. Just as, for example, I enjoy Jonathan Winters. I really regret he's not doing more.

*The women in your films are often superior to the men, stronger and smarter...*

I like women who are aggressive...I don't like smart women. They seem to be smart, but by and large they either end up with an ice tong in their chest or run over by a jeep...I would not bother with anybody at all, unless they were somebody I could fantasise about....It's the same way with being a married man. I've been married three times, three great women...Betty, Eve and Edy Williams. Now you can't come home when you make my kind of films and apply yourself as I do, and dump the fantasy at 7.30. The fantasy has to go on, all night long. Some of the ladies I've known are that way. For example, Kitten Natividad, we were together a long time and she's a good friend of mine, the fantasy was on all night. When she got home, she was doing a striptease while she was bludgeoning the rug with a vacuum cleaner. She made it very clear that there was no way you could avoid having sex. The complete antithesis of the games most women play. But with Kitten, if you didn't face up to it, you had a tough night! It's usually the other way around isn't it?

*Did you discover any leading ladies by spotting them on the street?*

No, most were through hired agents. It's just torturous, the worst part of making my films is trying to find the women. There was only one Lorna, one Uschi, one Kitten. Without them the films wouldn't be worth a thing. In *Supervixens* it was a monstrous job to find all those women.

*I saw the Russ Meyer Film Festival in Amsterdam last summer. Have there been other European retrospectives?*

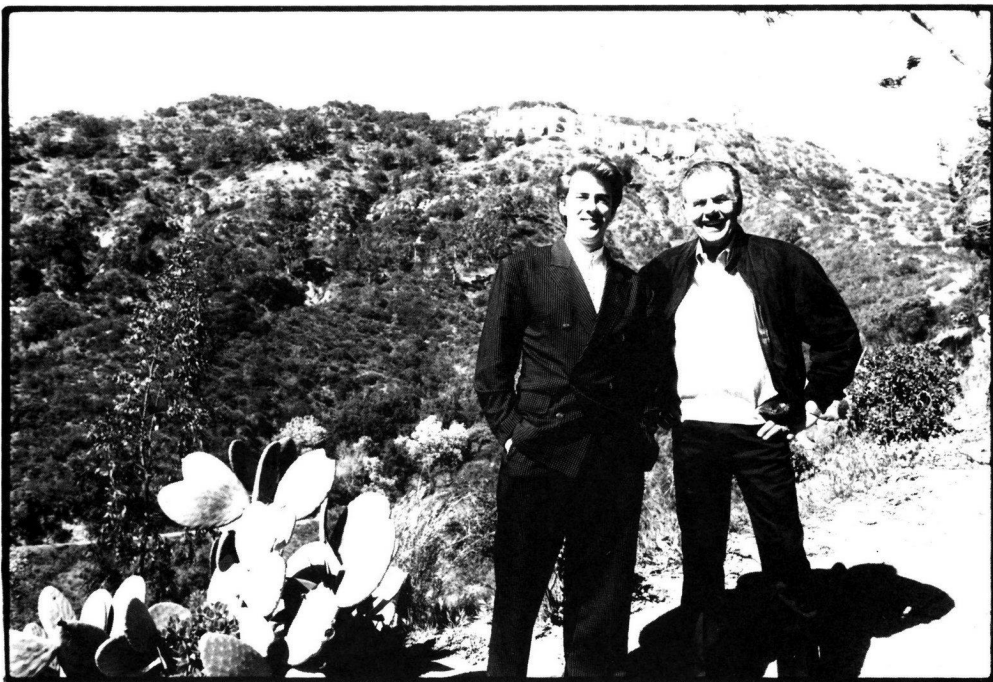
More and more. We just opened *Supervixens* in Madrid and it was very fruitful, because it played off the festival I was in. The festival had me, Fellini and *The Battleship Potemkin*. A perfect combination.

*Are your films dubbed or do they use subtitles?*

It depends on the country. I'm flying to France next month to



PHOTO: BRIAN ARIS



Ross and Russ! In his new Channel 4 series *The Incredibly Strange Film Show*, Jonathan Ross spotlights Russ Meyer in a one-man shockumentary on September 9th

supervise the dubbing of *Ultravixens*. A lot of these films, when they're dubbed, they really soften the sound effects, which is bad. Robs a lot of the cartoon aspects...you've got to have that in there.

*Tell me about the book you're working on.*

Well, it's just about finished. The book will be titled *Russ Meyer: The Rural Fellini — His Films, His Fantasies, His Frauleins*. And it will be...I don't think the pictures are the big deal about it. I think nothing really beats the words. I don't think you can make a movie as good as you can write. To describe the whole thing, the sex act, how it feels, we haven't been able to do that in a movie. But you can describe it in a book. I've been able to deal with matters of sex as related to me I think in a very humorous but very factual and very fantasised way. How I felt, what I thought, what turned me on. The book deals with my beginnings, very straightforwardly. It deals with practically every woman I've known, either intimately or platonically. It'll be out in about a year.

*Could you describe your work in progress, *The Breast of Russ Meyer*. Will it really be twelve hours long?*

Yes. I've been working on it for five years. The bulk of the film is each of my twenty-nine films compressed, with cogency, down to twenty minutes. Then I go back to the scene of the crime, I photograph the town today, and I've shot interviews with many of

the people involved in the films. It's essentially finished, maybe I'll shoot a few pick ups, maybe a few new pairs of chests.

*When you were in high school did you try to photograph some of your big breasted classmates?*

No, no, I was very shy. There was a girl I lusted after who had giant tits named Polly. But no, noooo, I didn't get laid until I was twenty in France, thanks to Ernest Hemingway.

*Can you tell me about that story.*

We were trying to get into Paris, and we were ahead of our division, which was the French Division. And we encountered Hemingway, whose lieutenant, a Portuguese gentleman, suggested that Hemingway take the boys down to the local notchery. And he did. The place was closed but we got in, and we were placed in this humongous place for the evening, and I had a nice experience with a girl with giant tits, because that was my taste even from much earlier years...I only lusted after women who had enormous tits! That was it, period. Soooo, I selected the biggest titted girl there and we had a marvellous time. From then on, I've never bothered with small breasted women. I'd rather play cards.

For more info on Russ Meyer, see the interview and biography by Jim Morton in *RE/SEARCH* 10, and Dale Ashmun's interview in *Film Threat* 13, \$5 by post (\$3.50 in the US) from: PO Box 951, Royal Oak, MI 48068, USA.

## FILMOGRAPHY

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THE IMMORAL MR TEAS 1959  
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THE IMMORAL WEST 1962  
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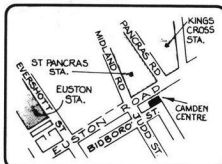
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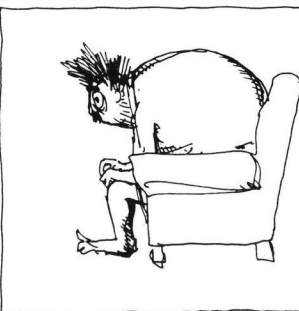
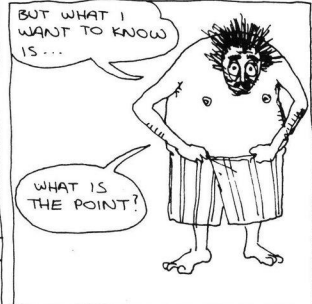
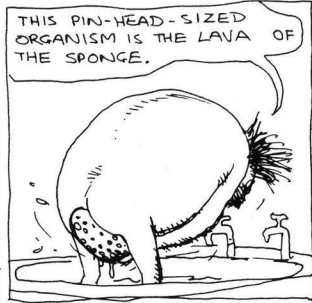
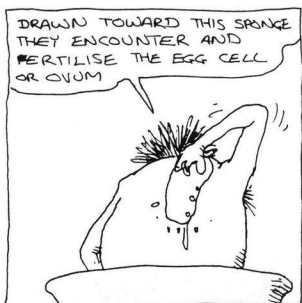
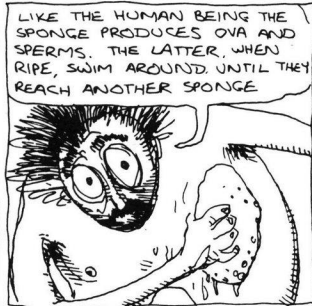
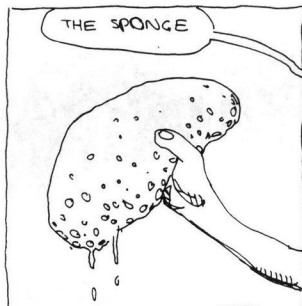
# NEW ZONES OF BARENESS





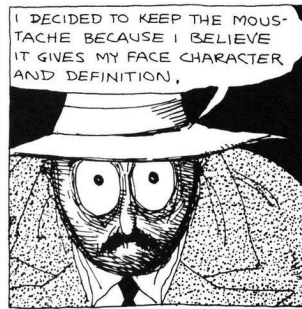
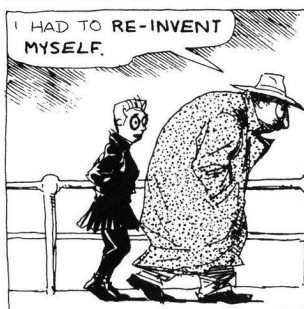
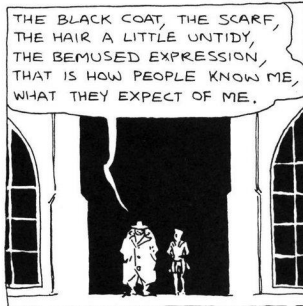
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# DANCING MELODY

FEW PEOPLE REALLY KNOW what life can be like for a dancer in a nude revue nightclub. But that night in a Montreal bar, when former housewife Sylvie Rancourt stepped into the spotlight as 'Melody', she began a first-hand voyage of discovery into this twilight world – a profession she found tough enough to start, but even tougher to win respect for. Through troubles with her husband, her family, her employers, she survived thanks to her own self-reliance and her close friendships with the other dancers. But six years of this work took their toll. To confront her conflicting emotions, she wrote, drew and published her autobiography, at first for the clubs' clientele, then through Quebec newstands. Now her true story is being re-told, drawn by Jacques Boivin, in an intimate revealing portrait of *Melody*. Yves Alix talked to her about her life on and off the small stage.

THE AVERAGE PERSON isn't too keen on reading, and since the world of dancers and performance is a visual one, I thought it would work well in comics. In these books I relate my experiences as a dancer, without heavy dramatisation or moral messages. After all I've lived through, I'm in a good position to describe the environment that nude dancers evolve in. But the first book was done primarily as a release; I'd even say that it saved my life. It enabled me to look at my situation and to understand myself through a new perspective. It wasn't intended for publication, but people told me

that it was interesting, sincere, so I thought, 'This is a step I have to take for all the girls who are silent about what they're living!' It's not that dancers are ashamed, but generally the less they have to talk about their work, the better.

Because of the opinions people have of dancers?

The girls aren't proud of their profession when they're in ordinary society, in shops, restaurants, meeting new friends and so on. If you're at a Christmas party in a really straight family, you can't say you're a dancer! They'll look askew and deluge you with questions: 'Don't you get embarrassed?', 'Do you take drugs?'. Only a small minority will accept us openly, often because they're already part of the world of bars, pool-rooms, places like that, where it's not unusual to associate with dancers.

If a landlord knows that you work as a dancer, he'll often refuse to rent you an apartment, thinking 'She'll bring back customers...'. At one point I had a hard time finding a place to live because of my work. When I finally found one, it was not in an area I wanted.

What's been the public reaction to your albums?

I launched them in the clubs, the owners helped me, the girls and the customers encouraged me. Generally, people like the books but they're not too crazy about my artwork.

Why is that?

My drawings are simple and not very erotic. On the other hand, I wouldn't want the art to be too sexy because I don't want to do a

sexist book. The important thing to me is the human element. A sexy comic strip would almost be contrary to my ideas, since many of the people who go to clubs have some kind of problem with sex; it wouldn't be helping them to go in that direction.

What is a dancer's work like?

It's a fine profession, which allows us a lot of freedom. What's more difficult though are the working hours, your aching feet at the end of the evening, and morale is also important, because if you can't keep your spirits high, it gets hard. There's more competition than before, and it pays less, because there used to be half as many girls for twice the salary, and now there's twice as many girls for less salary. The end result is competition between the dancers.

There's also the problem of age. By the time you're twenty-four, you're already an old dancer, people presume you've already had children, and your body's worn out. They'd much prefer to see young girls, who are pretty and fresh. That means that when you're thirty and over, there's only a small number of clubs where you can work, and most of those are pretty close to being dumps.

There's also the loud music...

Girls generally find the music is never loud enough, they don't like to hear the customers talk. They like getting lost in the music and dancing for themselves. They also prefer the club to be darker so that they can't distinguish everyone.

In your fifth book, you launched the idea of an organisation...

I wanted to set up an association for dancers,

a general help and training centre, with daycare, psychological services, help with drugs, a job agency, dancing classes, etc... But the girls won't commit themselves seriously. Most tell me, 'It's a great idea! When it's running, we'll join in!' But to get such a centre going, it would take plenty of collaboration. The girls aren't willing to invest time into it, because they always think, 'This will be my last year...' I've said this myself too, but after six years I'm still dancing. It would take government grants, similar to centres for battered women, because dancers would deal with it in the same way, they'd only show up when they're in trouble.

You have a rather feminist attitude...

I'm not a feminist and I adore men. It's not a question of being feminist, it's just a question of facing reality.

There were feminist demonstrations outside some clubs, the Caprice among others – what's your opinion on this?

I'd certainly have joined them myself if I'd known, because I believe you can put on a beautiful nude revue, but not make it sexist just to make more money. People have to understand that the nude is beautiful, it's sensual and erotic, it's not automatically a sex object.

**Melody – The True Story of a Nude Dancer** written by Sylvie Rancourt and drawn by Jacques Boivin is published quarterly by Kitchen Sink, \$2.00/£1.25 import.

Originally presented in *La Crée*, November 12th 1986, Montreal and translated from the French by Jacques Boivin.



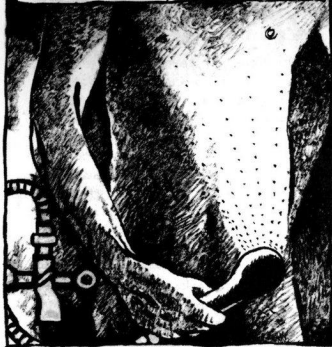
I'd not touched a drop all evening, but I had a hangover. My head ached from her cries, her reproaches, her sighs of boredom.



Nothing was working out anymore. We were at the end of our tethers in the game of Love.



Last night, faced with her icy contempt, I provoked her. Brutally, I pushed her backwards onto the bed, so...



She retaliated, insulting me, then took off, slamming the door, furious, outraged, miserable too, leaving me empty with a bitter taste on my lips.



MORNING, FRANÇOIS. LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD A ROUGH NIGHT! YOU'RE NOT ILL, ARE YOU?



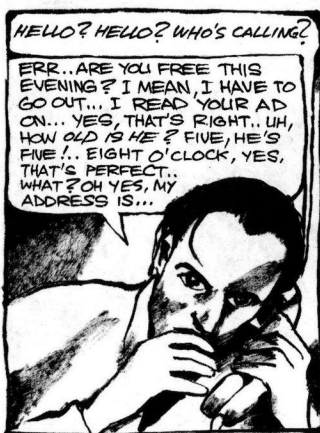
OF COURSE, MATILDA MY DEAR, YOU CAN STICK IT THERE, ON THE DOOR!

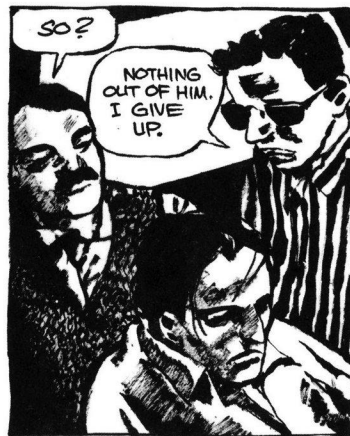
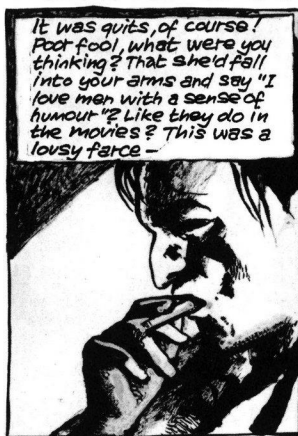


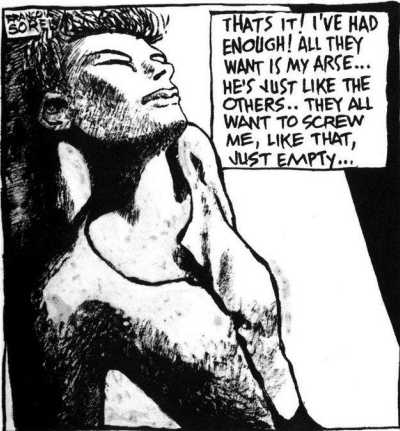
Her. I'd seen her going into the baker's and instantly all was forgotten, my migraine was gone...

CAN I HELP YOU? SIR?









THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD  
ENOUGH! ALL THEY  
WANT IS MY ARSE...  
HE'S JUST LIKE THE  
OTHERS... THEY ALL  
WANT TO SCREW  
ME, LIKE THAT,  
JUST EMPTY...



EVENING,  
MY DEAR! OH,  
BUT YOU'RE  
CRYING.

AS IF I WAS A WHORE.. HOW  
MANY LOVERS IN THE PAST  
THREE YEARS? TOO MANY...  
AND NONE OF THEM EVER...



...RAN THEIR FINGERS  
THROUGH MY HAIR...  
MEN DON'T LOVE A  
WHORE, THEY SCREW  
HER. IF I COULD FIND  
ONE MAN, JUST ONE...



...WHO REALLY KNOWS  
I'M ALIVE...

AH!

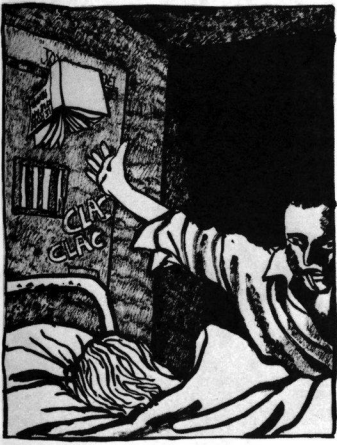
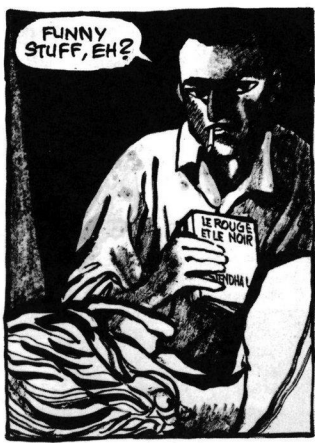
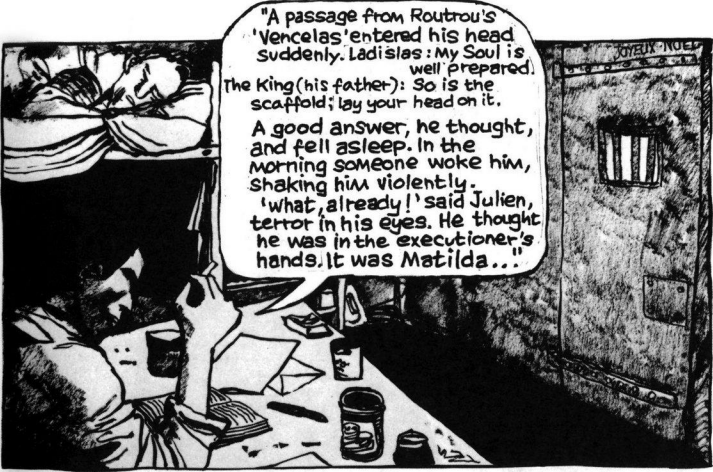


NO... DON'T HURT ME... I BEG YOU... I HAVE LOVELY HAIR, YOU KNOW... RUN YOUR FINGERS  
THROUGH MY HAIR... DON'T HURT ME... PLEASE...

DONT..HURT...ME...







# ARTICLES

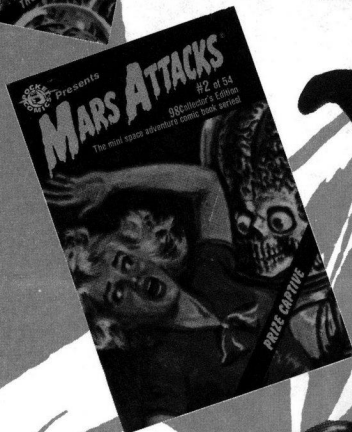
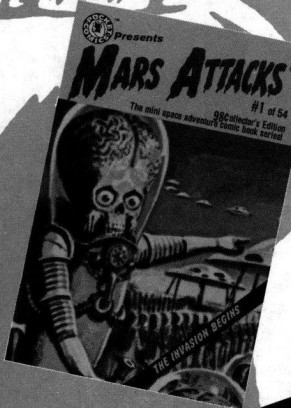
EDITED BY LOUISE TUCKER

**1** It's hard to tell where the icing ends and reality begins. This kinky *Personal Services* cake is just one of thirty-five spectacular works of edible art pipedreamed by Jill Tipping. Her other culinary sculptures include replicas of the Batmobile and Dali's melting clocks. Indulge yourself in these amazing avant-garde gateaux! *Iced Follies* is published by Macdonald Orbis at £12.95.

**2** Just launched from Pocket Comics is a series of mini-comics based on the controversial Sixties Topps Bubblegum card series, *Mars Attacks*. The idea's a good one, basing an entire comic book around the theme of each separate card in the original pack. The first two are out, packaged in fake gum boxes and simply oozing with unhealthy nostalgic slime. At 65p an eyeful, the value is not too bad, even though it takes only a few seconds to breeze through. Shesh! The dialogue of this comics version makes the text on the original card read like *War and Peace*. Intellectual it ain't. Bloody it is though—lots of sterile gore allowing here, comic book blood that fails to emulate the subliminal sickness behind the real *Mars Attacks*. The only shock for the English will probably be when the powers-that-be discover that one of the invading Martian's death machines has the sound effect 'Wank' blasting from its cockpit! Meanwhile, I can't wait to see what kind of mess Pocket Comics make by the time they get to 'Destroying A Dog' in the series. *—SP*

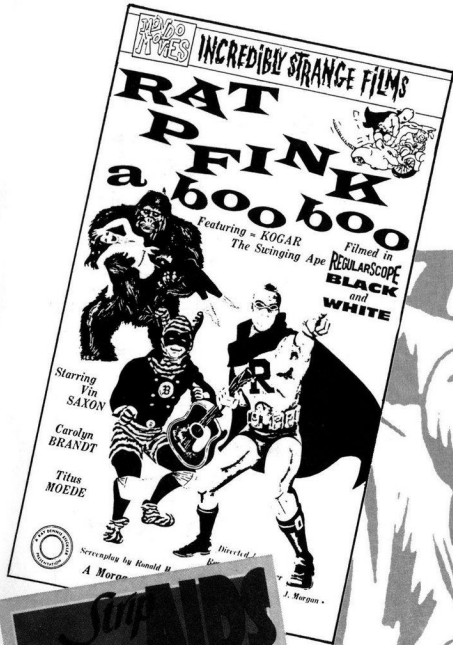
**3** In these AIDS-conscious times, the condom is really coming into its own thanks to these limited edition packs, illustrated by five of France's bande dessinée stars (standing left to right) Minus, Bouci, Benoit, Margerin, (flat) Pirus. Each box of eight designer French letters costs 49 francs plus post from: Zanzibar, 6 rue de la Barre, 59800 Lille.

**4** What would you call a film that starts as a grim thriller, switches midway into a goofy *Batman* parody and winds up with a crazed rock'n'roll beach party? Why *Rat Pfkink a Boo Boo*, naturally. That should have read *Ratfink and Boo-Boo*, but the optical company cocked up the titles and director Ray Dennis Steckler figured, 'Why pay out fifty dollars to rectify a mistake, when it sounds OK as it stands?' Steckler's low-grade high-schlock entertainment features strongly on Channel 4's *Incredibly Strange Films* series hosted by Jonathan Ross and to coincide three of them, *Rat*



BACKGROUND ILLUSTRATION BY MILTON CANIFF, WHO DIED ON APRIL 3rd 1968. IN TRIBUTE, BURMA FROM TERRY AND THE PIRATES





*Pfink, The Thrill Killers and The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living And Became Mixed-Up Zombies* number the first video releases on Mondo Movies. Operating from the Psychotronic Shop in London's Camden Town, Mondo Movies promise to unearth some of the most tasteless and demented cult films you're likely to see. The videos are distributed by Palace. £14.99 each. —MB

5 As a tip of the hat from Dutch designer Joost Swarte to his spiritual mentor Hergé, Swarte created his own Tintin named Jopo de Pojo. Jopo may still sport the familiar plus fours, but as a budding rocker he's trained his tuft of hair into an impressive skunk-tail quiff. Looking decidedly anxious, this Jopo statuette is one of a limited edition of 250, in resin 15cm high, price 1400 francs from 3D BD, 6 rue de la Rousselle, 33000 Bordeaux.

6 COFFEE TABLE BOOK OF THE MONTH: The British *Strip Aids* inspired Bill Sienkiewicz, Trina Robbins and Robert Triptow to do the same in the States. The result, *Strip Aids USA*, is a powerful 140-page benefit anthology of over a hundred artists, from Howard Cruse and Frank Miller to S. Clay Wilson and Garry Trudeau. Last Gasp, \$9.95-£6.95 Import.

★★ The Mckon, Dan Dare's Venusian nemesis, is now the name of the Society of Strip Illustration's 'Oscars for comics excellence. Runaway winners were: Alan Moore, Dave Gibbons and *Watchmen*, for Best Writer, Artist and Foreign Work; and Dave McKean for Best Newcomer and *Violent Cases*, his *Escape* album written by Neil Gaiman, for Best British Work. The Frank Bellamy Hall of Fame went to the great Ron Embleton.

ON SCREEN: Cartoon wizard Chuck Jones, creator of Road Runner, is the first animator in residence at the Museum of Moving Image on London's South Bank. From September 16th he'll be working in MOMI's glass-fronted studio on view to visitors. The rest of the exhibit looks at the history of animation, from Winsor McCay's cels to the latest computer breakthroughs. ON TOUR: Six diverse RCA graduates, including *Escape* artist John Watson and *Atlas* editor Jake Tilson, are showing together in *Bound Image*. Jake explains, 'The title describes what unites us: we all produce our own books. To accompany the show, we worked together on a multimedia book, adding, subtracting, arguing!' It comes in two editions: one of 2,900 at £14.50, the other of 150 at £150. Venues and dates: Milton Keynes Library till August 20th; Spacex Exeter, Oct. 1st to 28th; Nigel Greenwood London, Nov. 10th to Dec. 23rd. ON SHOW: Liberty in Regent Street showcases Canadian design in its windows from Sept. 27th to mid-Oct., including comics, posters and original art for sale from Vortex's yuppie fantasy *Mister X*. His creator Dean Motter is in town too.



# The Curate of St. CRIPPENS

The Catholic Seminary of the Holy Loaf was my haven for two years--



Then came the day we were sent outside to our first parishes--



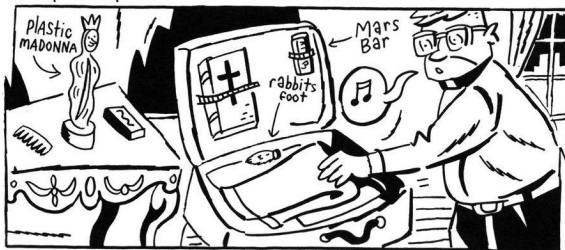
They all said I'd drawn the short straw.



So where they Sending you?



Not knowing what my fellow Curate was hinting at I put my trust in the Lord, packed my suitcase--



and gave the taxi driver my destination.





My first week with Father Ignatius was a crash-course in his rather slanted theology

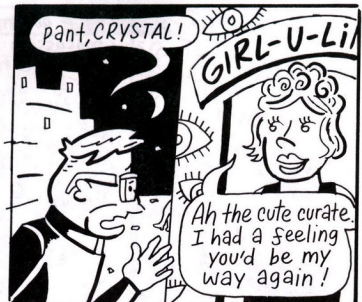




What could I do? I had no-one to turn to: Father Ignatius was beyond questioning and I couldn't go back to the college to confess FAILURE in my FIRST PARISH.



I tried prayer but I couldn't concentrate - I HAD TO GET OUT!







I thought I was a GONER as the maniac priest shackled me to his hideous invention



but, prompted by my dear Crystal, the police arrived just in time.



My nightmare was OVER!



So did I really draw the Short Straw when I came to St. Crippens? One thing's for sure, it changed my life.



Oh, and by the way I NEVER DID become a priest. They aren't allowed to MARRY are they?



John BAGNALL • BAGGY Studios 1988 •

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## JOHN

Interview by Paul Gravett

Described by *The Guardian* as walking 'a tightrope between lousy taste and perfect observation', John Dowie prowls the stage, pouncing on the absurdities in any topic from sex to slugs (and usually back again). He's appeared with Rory Bremner on BBC2's 'Now Something Else', played 007 in the ICA's James Bond Panto and directed Roy Hutchins in the deeply moving *Whale Nation*, the epic poem by Heathcote Williams, now running at the Edinburgh Festival. This month, Dowie returns to the Canal Café Theatre where he will throw himself into *Hard To Swallow*, a one-man cabaret, that by no coincidence is also the title for a new book of his funniest routines, illustrated by the eminent Hunt Emerson.

Is your *Hard To Swallow* show going to be the stage version of the book?

No, it'll be more up-to-date. I might do a couple of bits from it, but most of it I don't do any more. My life has changed, now that I've got a child.

A boy or a girl?

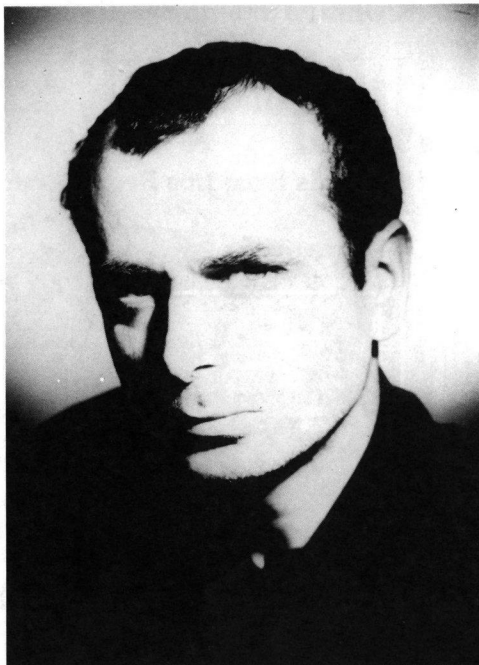
Oh a boy. I don't have any female genes! He's nearly eighteen months now. His name's Harry.

How has your life changed?

You find you redefine the way you view the world. When you have a baby, you have a different place in the world. You're not the child in the family anymore. You always assume you'll grow up one day, but you have a view of your place in the world, below your parents on an adult level, I suppose.



A RUDE AWAKENING  
DRAWN BY HUNT EMERSON



pose. But when you have a baby, you realise there's a further link in the chain. You don't take yourself quite so seriously.

Has it changed your comedy?

Yes, there's no point in my going on stage and being concerned with something that I'm no longer concerned about. Who gives a fuck about underpants, I certainly don't! I also have a different attitude to the job now. I have to be sure I'm good at it, because I'm aware that one day my boy might see me doing it and I can't embarrass him!

A lot of your earlier comedy comes from your repressive youth, where sex was not talked about. I assumed from all your Biblical and Papal references that you're Catholic?

No, not at all. I'm a jealous Catholic! I'd have loved all that torment, torture, and guilt and then rejecting it all! Portrait of the artist as a young dog! No, I didn't go through that. But a lot of people have a hard time when they grow up, because of the lack of information. I spent a large part of my teenage years concerned that I might be a homosexual and expecting all manner of grief as a consequence. If I had the knowledge that being a homosexual doesn't necessarily entail grief, then that would have been useful. I think we're edging towards that. If we survive, my boy's going to have a completely different attitude. I was at a friend of mine who has a daughter who at

that time was about nine years old, and we were making knowing jokes about homosexuals, the sort you wouldn't normally do, but you can do, if you know what the ground rules are. And this kid told us off! She didn't realise we were talking in quotation marks. She gave us a severe telling off, which was very nice. And this was ten years ago.

You mention in the book, for instance in the elephant tampon joke, how you're surprised at how much more children know these days.

Yes, I never stop seeing white kids and black kids playing together, which was unprecedented in my youth. I lived in Birmingham, which has a very high immigrant population, and at the school I went to, there were about three black kids in it. Kids will go home and their parents are going to have sexual relationships that are outside what the Conservative Party of Great Britain might consider the norm and accept them.

So what are your feelings on Clause 28? I think they've left it far too late. I think this Clause 28 is unenforceable nonsense. Well, it's enforceable to a degree, but it's still nonsense. If they really wanted to have this kind of operation, somebody should have done it twenty years ago. People I know who are having children, aren't going to keep their children away from what the idea of a homosexual is.

What effects do you think the Government's AIDS warnings are having?

There's clear evidence that homosexuals behave differently now, but that was a self-imposed change. There was no real Government campaign aimed at homosexuals. The Government don't really care much about people dying of hyperthermia, so why are they concerned about people dying of AIDS? They certainly weren't concerned when it was considered, obviously incorrectly, to be a 'gay plague'. So why are they concerned about it now that it's spreading into the heterosexual community? It obviously has a economic basis, it must be something to do with money. Perhaps it's because only rich people can afford call girls and most of them work for the Tory party and they don't want their financiers to keel over!

So do you think children should have everything explained to them now?

Yes, of course they should, but that won't remove an area of innocence; if anything it will enhance it. When people talk about the innocence of childhood, what they usually talk about is their own personal innocence, whatever years ago. Children will always have that, but their innocence will be centred around or influenced by different things. Sex was mysterious to me up until the age of thirty-nine! Or in a broader way say the age of eleven or twelve. Certainly before that, if I thought about sex at all, it was only as something mysterious and outside my experience. Just because children know there are people in the world who are homosexual and people who aren't, that won't alter the way they feel about sex, they'll just have more information. No one's innocence is going to be shattered. There'll still be homophobia, but there's far more information available to people now. No one's ever died from having too much information, now have they?

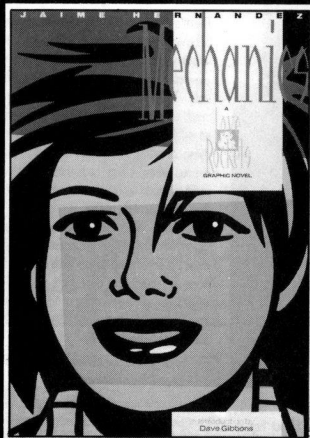
*Hard To Swallow*, the book, by John Dowie & Hunt Emerson is published by Knockabout. *Hard To Swallow*, John Dowie in cabaret, runs from August 19th to September 3rd (not Mondays) at the Canal Café Theatre, 2 Delamere Terrace, London W2. Box office: (01) 289 6054.

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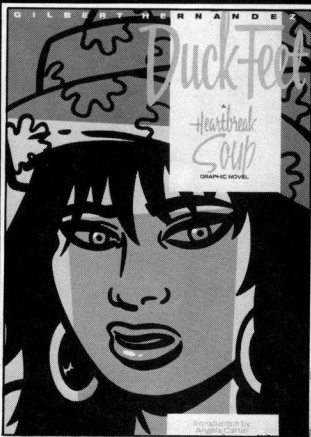
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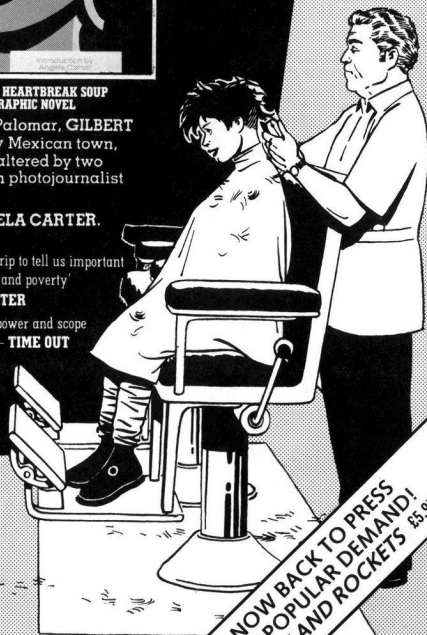
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# HEAT WAVE

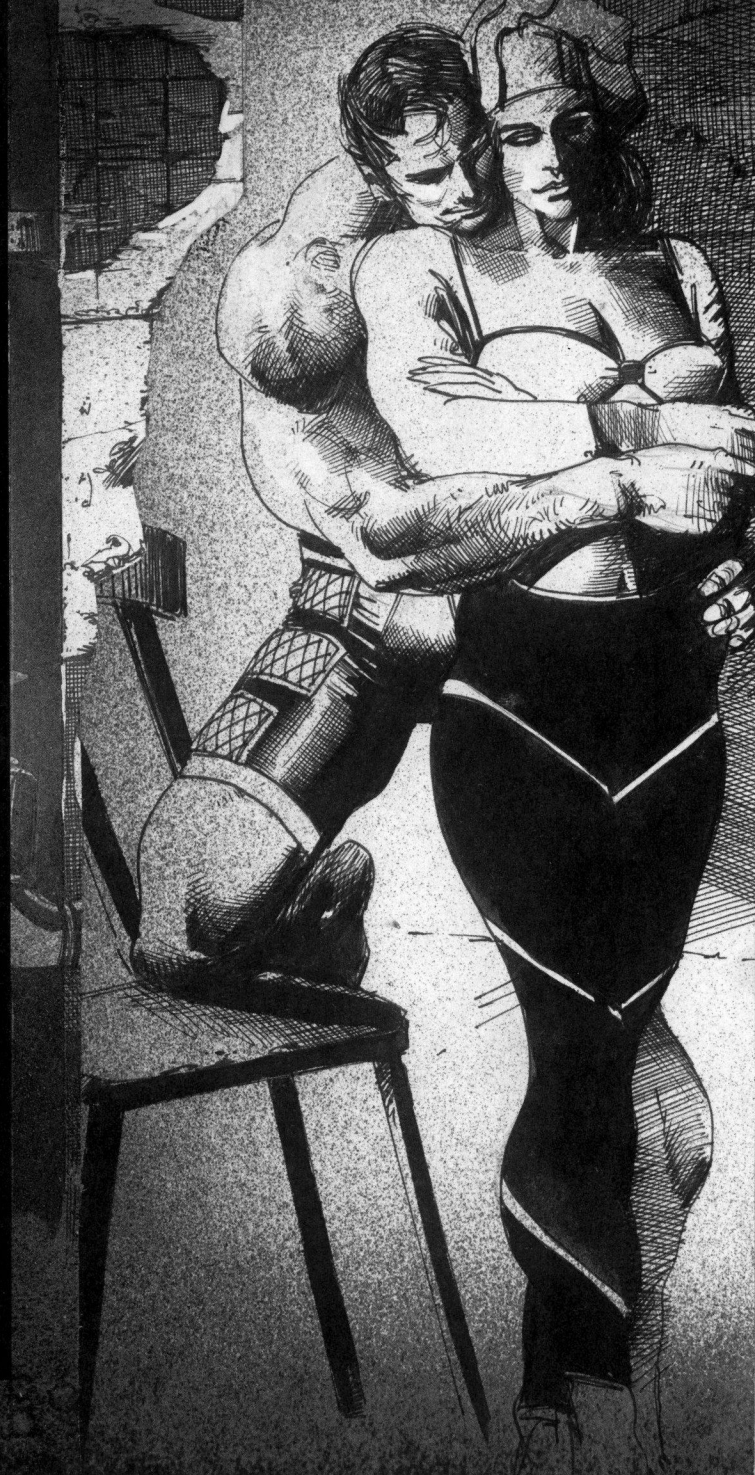
IT'S NIGHT AND THE CITY  
DRONES MINDLESSLY TO  
ITSELF, RESTLESS. THE HOT  
BLACK AIR IS HEAVY WITH  
EXPECTATION. IT'S NOT ONLY  
THE STREETS THAT STEAM AT  
THIS HOUR. SIRENS WAIL,  
NEONS BLINK, TEMPERATURES  
AND PASSIONS SOAR. NOW IS  
THE TIME TO KEEP YOUR COOL.  
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CLOSE TO THE SKIN. CLOSE TO  
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FOR MEN BY GEOFF SLACK

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OBLONG MESHES DOWN BOTH  
SIDES, £30.

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SLEEVES IN COTTON LYCRA WITH  
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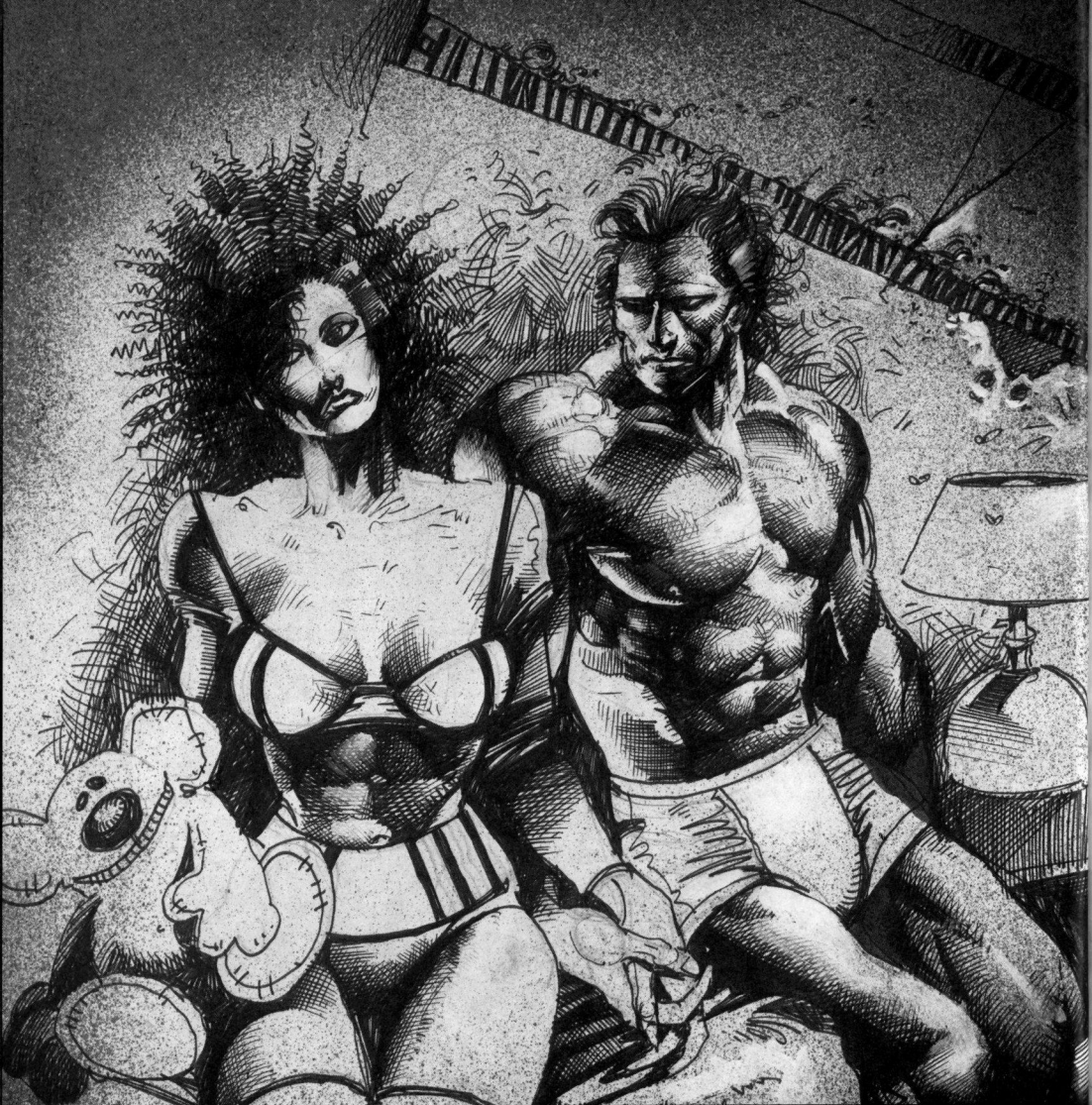
**THIS PAGE.**  
HIS: WHITE COTTON  
JERSEY SHORTS WITH MESH  
SIDES, SLIGHTLY V-  
FRONTED, £29.

HERS: CREAM NIGHTDRESS  
WITH CROSS BACK IN  
COTTON LYCRA WITH  
BLACK ELASTICATED  
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LONG JOHNS FROM THE Y-  
FRONT COLLECTION, GUSSETED  
BELOW THE KNEE, WITH CUT-  
OUTS WITHIN WHITE 'WHY'  
LETTERS. CAN BE WORN AS  
CYCLING SHORTS, £43.

HERS: BLACK CROSS-BACKED  
BRA WITH CREAM PIPING, WITH  
CREAM KNICKERS, £45. BLACK  
SUSPENDER BELT IN MINI-SKIRT  
STYLE, £25. BLACK STOCKINGS,  
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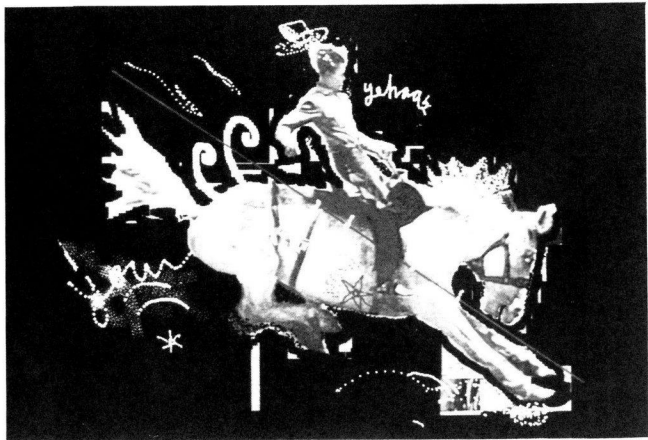
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Neville Brody's retrospective at the Victoria & Albert Museum may signal the end of a design era of ice-cool corporate chic. The global culture saturation of the late Eighties demands something wilder and richer, something like the intense computerised collages and fast art of London's most dynamic design duo Thunderjockeys



# Thunderjockeys

## HUNDERJOCKEYS

**T**HUNDERJOCKEYS were invited last November to present their work at a top-flight seminar in New York. 'We didn't want to go out and just give a talk. We wanted to do something special.' At almost the eleventh hour, they devised a confrontational performance on 'Desire', that they could pack away in their suitcases. 'We built a portable sculpture that comes out of a suitcase and shakes and wails when the motor is turned on. We had Barbie dolls swinging around with funny heads and torn clothes, loud music, smoke.' Graham remembers, 'There were all these girls from Illinois ready to take notes, and we came on half naked. We had little jock straps but at the last minute we bottled out and made bum flaps out of bin liners! People didn't know how to take it.'

Behind all this, twenty feet high, they projected slides of a hundred new pieces of artwork about sex, love, AIDS, money, all produced via computer. John explains, 'Objects and images are taken

into the computer via video camera and stored. You then assemble them on screen, like collage, only it's more flexible, because the objects come alive, you can change their shape, colour, size, and handdraw straight onto the screen with a digitised pad. We've been lucky enough to get Imagine to let us experiment on the computer, to use it like a tool, like paint, and scratch into it, bite it.'

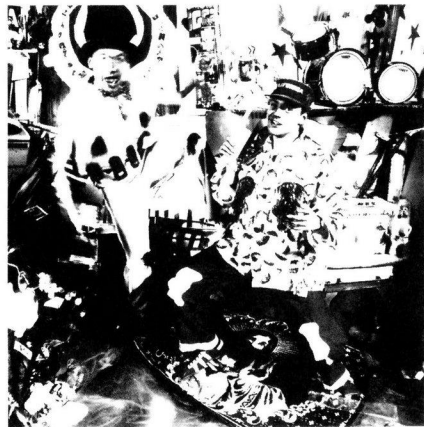
To rest from their VDUs, they switched to directing and acting in nutty live-action episodes of **Thunderjockeys** In Space for MTV Europe, taking over MTV's temporarily vacated Accounts Department with their space-shed set. Classmate Danny Inwards made their clothes out of amazingly patterned Nigerian fabrics. They've also produced the title sequence for MTV's 'Worldbeat' show, and startled Covent Garden shoppers with a window display for Paul Smith, filling it with a crazy gilt clock from an East End Pakistani shop, black Sindy dolls, a crucifix made out of toys and rubble from roadworks outside.

Now they're working on images for

Living Colour, an American all-black rock band, with an album 'Vivid' and single 'Middle Man' out on Epic. 'That came from our New York visit. Living Colour is our baby. They are a band you can work with right from scratch, rather than trying to manipulate a band that's already got an image to use something new. They're a black band playing rock music on the edge of Heavy Metal. Living Colour aren't into being

classified. They haven't got any pre-conceived ideas.'

Nor have **Thunderjockeys**, as they superabsorb the wondrous cultural chaos all around us and re-invent it. 'We like making things out of things that already exist, altering them, making a new world out of the world that's already here. We are making a world that maybe, in the future, will erupt out of what's here now.'



FROM THUNDERJOCKEYS IN SPACE SHOWN ON MTV EUROPE. NEO-CRACKPOTS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT JOHN ENGLAND AND GRAHAM ELLIOTT. THE CLOTHES ARE THE INVENTION OF DANNY INWARDS



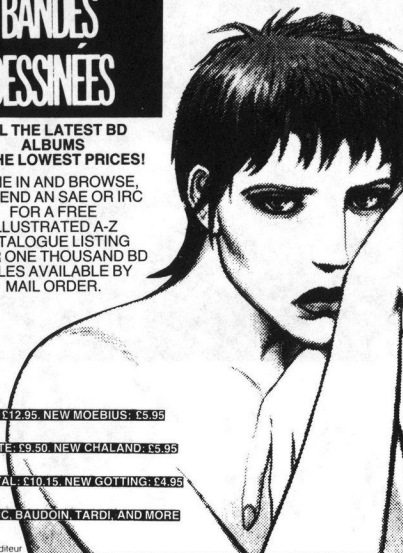
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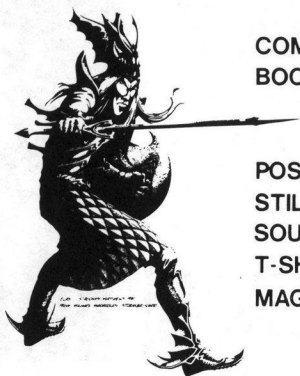
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With source material gained from an in depth private interview and a lecture at the I.C.A., backed up by the UK and US top creators giving their views on one of the medium's most influential and charming creators.

Altogether a remarkable insight into the man who created The Spirit, and wrote, drew and published the first 'graphic novel'.

Contributors include: ART SPIEGELMAN • JOHN BOLTON • ALAN MOORE • PAT MILLS  
DAVE GIBBONS • TRINA ROBBINS • WALT SIMONSON • KEVIN O'NEILL • CHRIS CLAREMONT  
BILL SIENKIEWICZ and many more

### COMICS PROFILE 3. WATCH THE MEN - DAVE GIBBONS AND ALAN MOORE

Now it's your chance to watch The Watchmen, as Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons talk about their career, their views on comics and their attitudes towards superheroes. A candid and behind-the-scenes look at the comics industry and the two people who have created the phenomenon of the year that has become the watchword for superhero comics - The Watchmen.

The videotapes are approximately 50 minutes in length, are protected by rental style library cases and have attractive wraparound full colour covers. Overseas orders cannot be accepted at the present.

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### COMICS PROFILE 4. ALAN MOORE ICONOCLASM AT THE I.C.A.

Last Summer the I.C.A. turned its hallowed halls over to comics. Amongst the many events was a 'sell out' talk by one of Britain's foremost comic creators, Alan Moore. If you missed the talk or would like to see it again, now is your chance. Comic Profiles brings you the forty minute chat with artwork to highlight many points made by Alan Moore.

## NEW! NEW! NEW! NEW!

### COMICS PROFILE 5. BILL SIENKIEWICZ & JOHN BOLTON

An in depth interview with the artist who has given us his stylish versions of Moon Knight and The New Mutants, and who has collaborated with Frank Miller on the highly innovative Elektra series and Daredevil graphic novel.

We also speak to John Bolton, whose beautiful penwork has added a new dimension to such strips as Father Shandor, Black Dragon and Morada the She-Wolf, and his upcoming Epic Comics project, Someplace Strange.

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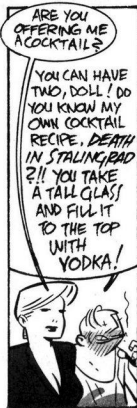


LETTERING: TREVS PHOENIX









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**DALE ASHMUN**, trash culture journalist for *Slap*, *Film Threat* and *Roadkill*, is 'doing' Europe in loud Hawaiian shirts. **JOHN BAGNALL** was described by *Blitz* as '...the Brian Wilson of the comic vision', a mixture of gnarled *Top Cat* cartooning (Hanna-Barbaret) with Raymond Carver short stories. His tastes span from Beach Boys to Butthole Surfers and he edits *Hairy Hi-Fi* and *Ginchy Gazette*. **MARC BAINES**, mail order fiend, critiques for *Underground* and *Off-beat*. He plays guitar and writes in *The Awesome Groove*, whose first single is out soon on the Big Noise from Archgate label. **EDMOND BAUDOUIN**'s expressive graphics appear in eight critically acclaimed albums published by Futuropolis. He lives in Nice in the south of France and this marks his first publication in English.

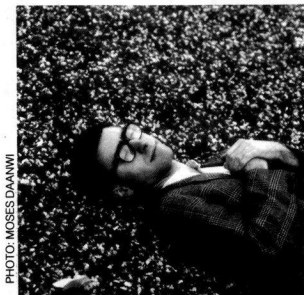
**SIMON BISLEY**, former bodybuilder and bike-stripper, splashes out next in full pointed colour on 2000AD's 'Slime'. He's saving up for a new drum kit to play in Thrash Metal band, Tomb, and expects a baby in September. **BRIAN BOLLAND**, artist on *The Killing Joke*, recently returned from a week in Burma, where he visited the ancient pagodas of Pagan, and a month in Thailand, where he trekked through rain and leeches to see the hill tribes. He's got lots of slides ...

**PHILIP BOND** majored in film, video and animation but his penpal Jamie hooked him on comics. Soft-spoken and self-effacing, he's constantly compensated by computer montages and co-produces *Atomtan* magazine. **SERGE CLERC**, Parisian stylist, is best known for his *NME* vignettes and record sleeves for Carmel and Joe Jackson. He adores Eric Ambler, Orson Welles, *Man In A Suitcase* and his 1960 Karmann Ghia.

**JOHN FREEMAN** is the harried editor of *Dr Who Monthly* and scripts *Ghostbusters* for Marvel UK and Science Service, drawn by Rian Hughes, an *Atomtan* hardback from Magic Strip. **NEIL GAUMAN** reunites with *Violent Cases* co-creator Dave McKean on *Black Orchid*, his US debut at DC. His answerphone currently plays a Roy Orbison refrain, lying into his imminent DC series, *Sandman*. **CLAUDE GENDROT**, avid admirer of Truffaut, is former editor of the influential French BD magazine *Metal Hurlant* and is now involved with the Humanoides' line of albums.

**JAMIE HEWLETT**, at times loud and a bit vulgar but never nasty, is into *The Smiths*, REM, BAD and Clash, and is moving to Nottingham soon 'because there's three girls to every boy'. **JULIE HOLLINGS** aka Jewelz illustrated Dave Clarke's *Graphic Guide to Modern Art*, edits for *Look In*, publishes her own postcards and is drawing for the 'Disastrous Relationships' issue of *Wimmen's Comix*. **BOB JOHNSON**, a flamenco fanatic with a phenomenal memory for movies (pre-1966), has written plays for stage, TV and radio and was one of the fifty founding members of the National Film Theatre. **BOB LYNCH** pinned an *Escape* button on Bay George at *Limelight*. He's launched his Bob's Comics line with *Sov Sadness In Space* and is collecting blue Smarties for Jewelz and eyebrow hairs for medical science - or is that the other way about?

**JERRY MILLS** cartooned for *In Touch* and his 'Poppers' series was compiled in *Gay Comix*. He now works for *The Advocate* in San Francisco.

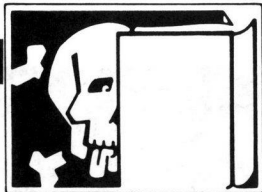


BOB LYNCH DREAMS OF BEATRICE DALLE

**ALAN MOORE** One could go on and on about award-winning writer of *Watchmen*, so one won't. Most recently co-founded *Mad Love Publishing*. All profits from their first release, *AARGH*, go to the Organisation for Lesbian and Gay Action, to safeguard the legal rights of Gay people persecuted by Section 28 of the Local Government Act. For a copy of *AARGH* send £2.50 (incl. P+P, UK only) to: *Mad Love*, PO Box 61, Northampton NN1 4DD. **SAVAGE PENCIL** is back from a West Coast trip burning rubber in Robert Williams' '34 Ford roadster. His biker picture disc *Angel Dust* is out now on Further Records, and *Corpses* 2, with Eyeball and guests, is silkscreened this September in Paris.

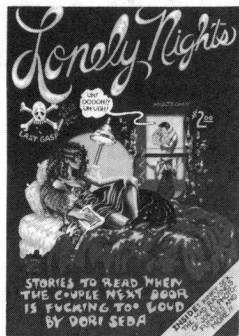
**TREVIS PHOENIX** 'This man is a demon calligrapher', said *The Guardian* - and who would wish to disagree with them? Now cooking up 'Spot in the Dog House' and helping Charmaine settle into her flat with her kitty, King Goatano Dervish. **ED PINSENT** is a vinyl connoisseur, and being an archives expert is often thick with the dust of ages. The driving force behind *Fast Fiction*, both mail order and magazine. For *FF*'s catalogue, send an SAE to: 27 Bracewell Road, London W10. **VAL PIRIOU** sees her lingerie as compatible with trousers or a skirt. 'My "T-linge" is a combination of T-shirt and lingerie. If you're too hot, you won't be embarrassed to take off your jumper and be in your bra. Mainly I want the girl to feel comfortable, and sometimes very sexy.' Val shows her latest designs at the Salon Prêt à Porter in Paris from September 3rd and at the British Designers Show in London on October 7th. **DAVID ROACH** illuminated 'Purity', part of Pat Mills' *Nemesis* saga, and is beavering away on *Judge Anderson* by Alan Grant for future 2000ADs.

**JAMES ROBINSON** is a video editor and author of *London's Dark*, a graphic novel drawn by Paul Johnson. He rates 'Nadine' and all other Robert Benton films as masterpieces. **JONATHAN SELZER** reviews for *Record Mirror* (fave bands: Throwing Muses and A.R.Kane) and is editing his own magazine, *Fold*. **GEOFF SLACK** designs men's lingerie, seen on *01 for London* and at a Pier Club party for Y-Fronts at Cinnatra's. 'Personally, I fluctuate between M&S and Calvin Klein. No boxer shorts though, especially those cheap boxers in hideous patterns. I'm much more interested in making a beautiful shape and fit out of a plain fabric than wacking together something that people look at just because of its bright print.' **SPENCER WOODCOCK**, Norwich's leading Hispanophile, picked coffee beans in Nicaragua as a Sandinista volunteer and scripts Denny Derbyshire's superbly eccentric strips in *Duckdale Express*.



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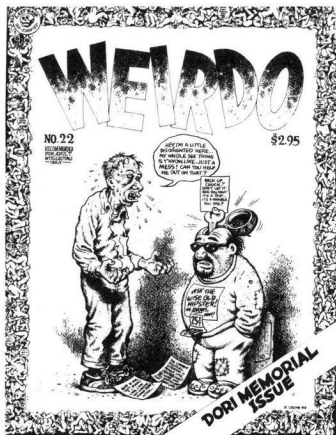
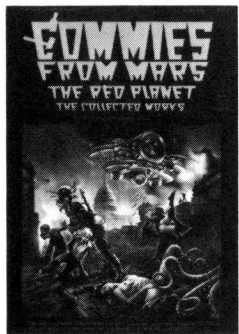
**LONELY NIGHTS:** Subtitled Stories to read when the couple next door is fucking too loud. The late Dori Seda reveals why she was called the most promising woman cartoonist of the decade.

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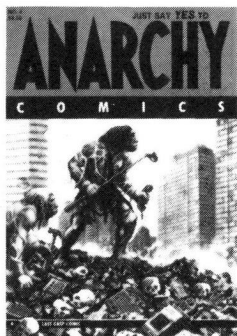


**WEIRDO #22:** Edited by Aline Kominsky-Crumb. The quarterly showcase of the avant garde publishes established but still controversial as well as upcoming but still obscure graphic artists.

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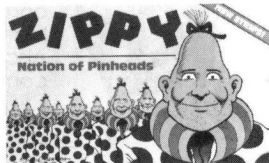


**ANARCHY 4:** Edited by Paul Mavrides & Jay Kinney. An international cast of cartoonists denounce alienation and the absurdity of life in the '80s.

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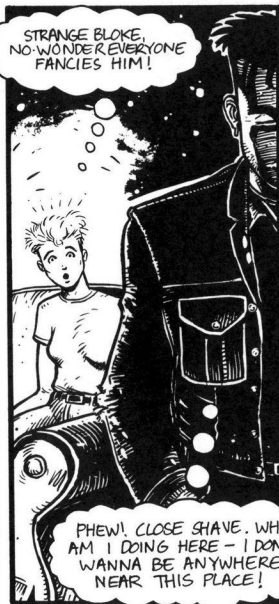


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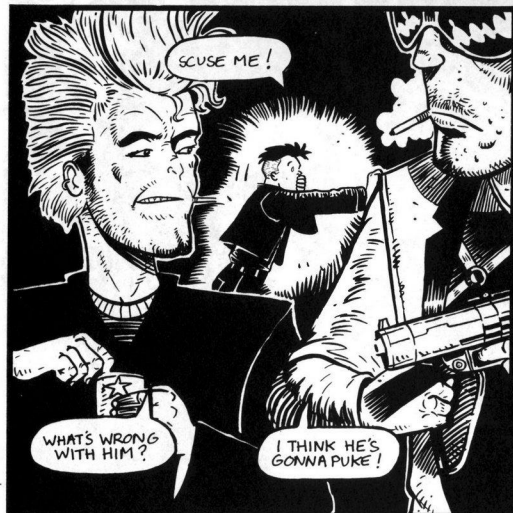
# Johnny Rockets

A PARTY SOMEWHERE IN CALIFORNIA ...



LETTERING: ALAN MARTIN







# TUMMY TROUBLE

ALEX HAD ALWAYS HAD A GOOD RELATIONSHIP WITH HER TUMMY...



SHE KEPT IT WELL-FED AND ROUNDED...

a double-decker burger with mayonnaise and fries. SLURP!



SHE WAS A TYPICAL ENGLISH PEAR SHAPE AND WASN'T TOO WORRIED ABOUT IT...



What a fine figure of a stomach I am!

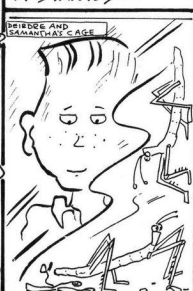
UNTIL SHE MET MATT...



MATT HAD ALWAYS HAD A THING ABOUT VERY THIN WOMEN...



AS A CHILD HE'D KEPT STICK INSECTS ... MAYBE THAT'S HOW IT STARTED...



ALEX AND MATT HAD BEEN GOING OUT FOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS...



YOU KNOW YOU'RE BEGINNING TO FEEL SECURE WITH A GUY WHEN YOU STOP WAKING UP HALF AN HOUR BEFORE HE DOES TO PUT ON YOUR MAKE-UP!

WHEN HE DROPPED THE BOMBSHELL



What a slimeball!

YOU KNOW ALEX YOU'RE A LOVELY LADY AND I LOVE YOU BUT ONE THING WOULD MAKE OUR RELATIONSHIP ABSOLUTELY PERFECT...

IF YOU WERE TO LOSE SOME WEIGHT... A STONE MAYBE?



OH... ER... OK

What?

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WERE HARD...

ME - I EAT WHATEVER I WANT AND I NEVER PUT ON WEIGHT!



BUT MATT WAS A GREAT HELP...

ALEX - DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU NEED A SECOND HELPING OF PEAS??



EVEN SO IT WAS TOUGH!



BLOODY DIET COKE!

BUT AFTER FOUR LONG WEEKS ALEX HAD LOST A STONE...



THAT'S WHEN THE TROUBLE STARTED...



IT GOT WORSE...

REALLY! IT'S GETTING SO I CAN'T TOUCH YOU WITHOUT YOUR STOMACH STARTING!



POING  
BARP  
GROAN

GLURP  
SPLAT!

ALEX! WAKE UP!  
IT'S YOUR TUMMY!!  
IT'S KEEPING ME AWAKE AND I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT MEETING IN THE MORNING!!

GROAN! OK - I'LL SORT IT OUT...



I WISH YOU WOULD!

RUMBLE!  
BOING!

IN THE KITCHEN...

OK... I'LL HAVE A WHOLE POT OF COTTAGE CHEESE!!



BLURP!  
ROING!  
WHIER!

Are you kidding?

OK, YOU WIN! A GIANT-MEGA-DOUBLE-DECKER SANDWICH!!



PURR!

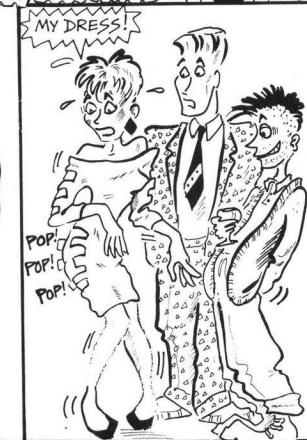
BUT ONE SANDWICH WAS NOT ENOUGH...







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## THE EVIL ONE

GRENDDEL

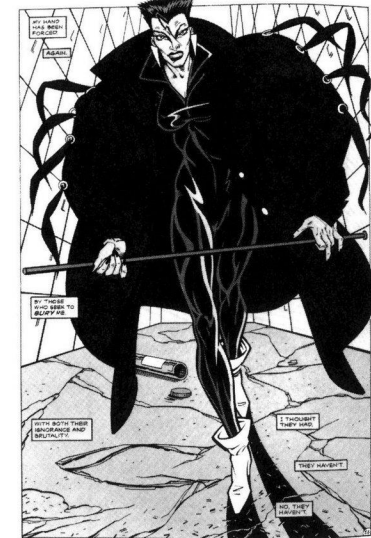
Matt Wagner

**W**E KNOW WHAT IS EVIL, because we know what is wrong. But what is good or evil is relative to our morality, which in turn is relative to culture, which alters from society to society. So in the end, good and evil become abstract terms defined by other abstract terms. *Grendel* is Matt Wagner's attempt to make evil into a tangible essence. In Grendel's world you can be consumed by evil, in the same way that you can drown in water or burn in fire. In Wagner's hands, evil becomes something akin to a poison, seeping through the cracks in its victim's conscience.

*Devil by the Deed* introduces the first to don the Grendel mask – Hunter Rose. In blocks of text framed in striking illustrations and art deco page designs, Rose's biography is written some forty five years after his death from the point of view of his granddaughter Christine Spar. Wagner uses her lack of first hand information to create an enigma around the evil's first incarnation, giving us facts but no motivations, questions but no answers. Wagner's writing as Spar combines the terse plumb of the reporter with the poetic musing of the Victorian novelist. The savagery of Grendel's feral foe Argent, who represents the law, and the beauty of Hunter Rose confuse our perceptions. Our definition of good and evil begins to melt. What Rose represents to himself is left a mystery. What Grendel represents is best summed up by the tale's closing phrase, 'the demon of society's mediocrity'. Impeccable reading.

With *Devil's Legacy*, we experience the transformation of innocent to tortured villain first hand. Set in a glossy future, Christine Spar adopts the Grendel persona to save her son from a frighteningly well-portrayed kabuki vampire. This she justifies as the use of a lesser evil to combat a greater one. Yet as Spar becomes immersed in death and horror, so her diaries reveal a transformation in her perceptions of her role and who her enemies are. From the vampire child-killer, Grendel's foes grow to encompass society in general, which failed to help when she needed it. As the Grendel poison seeps into Spar's state of mind with each new word in her logs, and in the best tradition of the film noir anti-hero, all we can do is watch her downward spiral.

Different artists portray each Grendel persona. Matt Wagner drew the Hunter Rose episodes, while the reins for *Devil's Legacy* were taken up by Arnold and Jacob Pander, whose slick clean line style



CHRISTINE SPAR POSSESSED BY GRENDDEL

nevertheless has the shadows and menace synonymous with the character. But it's Wagner's writing that makes *Devil's Legacy* wondrous; his deft use of Spar's memoirs, the totally wordless Chapter Nine, and above all the depiction of Spar's moral disintegration, all go towards making the book a masterpiece. The monthly comic continues this excellent tradition with other artists, different Grendels. Issue by issue, we see the evil's tapestry broaden, with shadows, sombre hues and blood stains. To quote the advert, 'Evil never looked so good'.

–James Robinson

Comico: *Devil by the Deed* \$6.95/£4.95 Import 48pp Softback

★★★★

*Devil's Legacy* \$14.95/£9.95 Import 312pp Softback

★★★★

## BETSY'S BUDDIES

Harvey Kurtzman &amp; Sarah Downs

THE WORST BOOK I've looked at this year: a collection of one-page episodes in the life of Betsy, an obnoxious, oversexed, mindless American bimbo. Among her partners are Joey, a dopey Mummy's boy, Barney, a neurotic intellectual and Seymour, her English teacher who is cheating his wife. Enough dumb clichés already you may think, but its awfulness is compounded by the complete lack of depth in any of these cardboard characters. You can scarcely tell one from another, their bland dialogues all blend into a morass of goopy sentimental sex talk and hysterical Me-generation claptrap that has me joining book-burning leagues.

Purporting to be satire of sexual mores, Betsy filches all the elements of a fourth-rate imitation of the great Woody Allen, and re-

minds us how unpleasant people can be (in the nicest possible way of course) in a ninety per cent physical relationship; people here simply use sex and use other people, to bolster their own sense of themselves, soothe their fragile egos, and are motivated by petty vanities.



The final indignity is that the once-great Harvey Kurtzman has been involved in these damp squibs. Certainly the strips look like watered-down roughs for *Little Annie Fanny*, but to be fair Sarah Downs is one of his assistants on that strip. Speaking of which, at least Annie has the advantage of being well drawn (thanks to Will Elder and guests) and the dimension of more biting satire of American society. Not that either of these ventures are anything Kurtzman can feel proud of – he who once dynamited the whole medium of comics in the Fifties with *Mad*. To see him credited on this collection of semi-pornographic muzak as one half of an 'Idea Ping-Pong' team is like finding Ernest Hemingway working for Mills & Boon. Avoid!

–Ed Pinsent

Kitchen Sink \$15.95/£10.95 Import 48pp Hard-back



## CRITICAL LIST

## GOOD-BYE

Catalan

Rejecting samurai rituals and robotic futures, Yoshihiro Tatsumi invented gekiga or 'picture dramas' to look at real-life problems peculiar to postwar Japan and yet universal to human relationships. A wife is finally able to break free from her claustrophobic marriage; a husband nearing retirement longs for one last 'adventure'. Impotence, prostitution, frustration, voyeurism, are explored with sympathy and understanding. Nine short modern fables, each as perfectly formed as a bonsai miniature. –PG

★★★★

## KEIF LAMA

Fantagraphics

Keif's first job as xeno-tell or alien communicator takes her to a planet with purple sebs populated by large creatures who don't like the taste of salt. Though this is a tale of corporate ethics and exploitation, it's more than quirky enough to transcend its simple message. Matt Howarth's universe is full of eccentric inhabitants, a universe in which to lose yourself. –JS

★★★★

## ZERVANALIA

Poison Steam

In terms of creating a complete imaginary world, Denny Derbyshire proves equal of Moebius. Six pieces link up in an intricate story-within-a-story, suggesting thousands of possibilities. From massive factory vistas to the smallest details of a witch's paraphernalia, from the cover's extraordinary hieroglyphs to the poignant last page, this is evidence of her unique imagination. –EP

£1.30 plus post from The Fast Fiction Service, 27 Bracewell Road, London W10 6AF

★★★★

## NEW WAVY GRAVY et al

SST Pubs

Raymond Pettibon's single-frame cartoons are the graphic counterpart to the musical hard-core. He has the perfect pedigree as record-sleeve illustrator for prime punkers Black Flag, and like them he focuses on the extreme and taboo. Cancer, pornography, murder and suicide become material for the bluestock humor. Gathered loosely into a theme for each zine and rendered in a pulp-thriller style, these images are all the more compelling for their lack of moral comment. You aren't sure whether Pettibon disapproves or is excited by the redneck racism and wild-eyed killers he draws. The reader becomes a voyeur, both fascinated and disturbed. –JB

\$1.40 each from: 1240 21st Street, Hermosa Beach, California 90254, USA.

★★★★



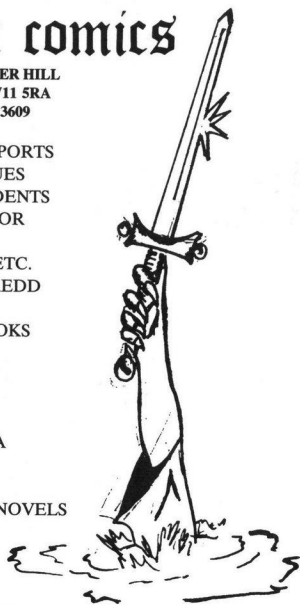
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DOES LIFE GET YOU DOWN? YES! THEN  
GO TO TIMESLIP, AND HAVE YOUR WORST  
FEARS...CONFIRMED...MAYBE... OR....

# OBJECTS OF DESIRE

MILANO MANARA



BUTTERSCOTCH'S HALF INVISIBLE NOVICE

**W**HILE STILL AN ARCHITECT student, Manara was inspired to pursue a career in comics largely by the work of Hugo Pratt, creator of *Corto Maltese*. In 1978 he began the Giuseppe Bergman series, which uses the adventure genre developed by Pratt (HP himself became one of the books' characters) in free-flowing surrealist fantasies. Manara overlooks their disjointedness and vast lapses in logic, motivated more by form than content, art rather than story, juxtaposing ultra-realism with exaggerated cartooning in Hergé inspired multi-panelled pages.

In the Bergman series there is at least some pretext for the acres of flesh on show, but in *Click!* that is the book's sole reason for existing. *Click!* revels in the eroticism already prominent in his work. At the

*Click!* of a switch, a device literally turns on the story's heroine, as we see repeatedly in graphic detail. As erotica, it is functional enough, but it is hardly Manara's finest art and questions his lofty claims of using nudity in his earlier books to further his Marxist beliefs. Critics have also been quick to point out that for several years the young artist earned his living drawing soft porn strips.

By contrast, *Indian Summer*, Manara's first collaboration with Pratt, brings out the best in both of them. Pratt's terse writing is embellished by the astonishingly evocative scenery of Manara's Seventeenth Century New England and Pratt channels Manara's eroticism to create an almost palpable atmosphere of sexual tension. Pratt's story of infidelity, victimisation and hypocrisy is reflected in the battle between the Indians and the Puritan settlers. As the Lewis family's remote farmhouse is systematically destroyed by the Indians, the secrets of the family's complex history of sexual, often incestuous, relationships are revealed. Then as these relationships resolve themselves emotionally, they are physically resolved through an almost apocalyptic siege at the book's finale. Pratt balances the vast scale of the story with his slow, almost rhythmic pacing (several pages can pass without a word) and his insistence on characterisation. Manara's spacious panels, some across two pages, suggest widescreen cinematic vistas.

Manara's recent album *Butterscotch* sees a return to the frivolous eroticism of *Click!* Happily it shows little of *Click!*'s prurience, relying instead on inventive lighthearted humour to temper the flesh on display. To Manara's credit, his invisible man is a timid, blushing modest sexual novice rather than some leering voyeuristic monster.

Aware of the seeming dichotomy between his 'serious' and erotic work, Manara is now switching between western extravaganzas with Pratt, his surreal Bergman adventures and his more commercial erotica. But even at his worst, Manara is at least a captivating craftsman; at his best, as on *Indian Summer*, he can offer some of the finest comic art ever produced.

—David Roach

Catalan: HP & Giuseppe Bergman \$12.95/£8.95 Import 120pp Softback

Indian Summer \$17.95/£12.95 Import 152pp Softback

★★★★ *Click!*, *Butterscotch*, both \$10.95 Adults Only Softbacks, are not imported into the UK. Order direct from: Catalan, 43 East 19th Street, New York NY 10003. ★★

## THIRD WORLD WAR

Pat Mills & Carlos Ezquerro

THE THIRD WORLD WAR has already begun, with the liberation struggles of the world's poor against Western imperialism and the multi-national corporations. The Third World War is War on the Third World.

This is the basic premise of one of the two strips in *Crisis*, Fleetway's new fortnightly science-fiction comic. It's set in the near future, in a world where troublesome young Westerners are drafted into 'Free Aid', a sort of compulsory Peace Corps, and sent to ram the values and consumer goods of the West down the throats of Third World peasants. Eve, a young black student, is sent to Central America, where her unit is forcibly relocating campesinos to a 'model village'. The young kids of Market Force Platoon are not themselves evil, but as they enter the village, so does the unmistakable stench of Mi Lai. I only wish this was less convincing, less reminiscent of the 'beans and bullets' programme in El Salvador and the forced relocation of Guatemalan Indians.

Pat Mills has criticised Marvel's *The Nam*



for its racist depiction of the Vietnamese and here the campesinos are given an authentic dignity. This is due in no small part to Carlos Ezquerro's excellent art, which has acquired new depth and character, clearly relishing a more demanding script. This is his best work for years. Imagination and innovation are features of Pat Mills' writing and strips like *Nemesis* have touched on issues such as racism. Here he has taken another great step

forward, confronting, much more directly, complex and important political issues in an exciting and original way. He has played a crucial role in re-shaping British comics once already with the creation of *2000AD*. If *Crisis* gets the success that *Third World War* deserves, he looks set to do it again.

—Spencer Woodcock

Fleetway 65p 32pp comic, fortnightly from Sept 17th. ★★

## CRITICAL LIST

### OMAHA THE CAT DANCER

Kitchen Sink

This is a soap opera with funny animals and enough sex scenes to be branded 'Adults Only', which brings it under the beady gaze of moral 'majorities' everywhere. Omaha became a large part of obscenity proceedings against Friendly Franks, a US comic store that stocked it, though why it should be regarded as obscene is beyond me. Omaha's attitude to sex reflects people as people not objects, and is dominated more by intrigue and storyline than anything remotely obscene. Some of the material can be regarded as erotica of sorts, but that's as far as it goes. Reed Waller and Kate Waller provide some superb parody, particularly of book-burning Mary Whitehouse-types, who seem to believe, in protecting everyone else from the loss of moral values, that they themselves are immune. The only puzzle is why the characters are funny animals, because I've yet to see any real differences between animal types to make the approach worthwhile. Take a look, if you can reach the top shelf. —JF

★★★

### TRIPPING YARNS

Glossy production, way-cool taste and snotty ambition are some of the qualities that has Tripping Yarns stomping the transporter-in-anorak competition of British zine-dom. Like the best zines, not just music (though there's hot poop on Killdozer and the Butthole Surfers), this 2nd ish sees Alan Moore chatting with Kathy Acker, an interview with Tony Bennet of Knockabout plus the Savage Pencil speaks, and scrawls the thrabbing 'Love Slug' cover-spread that alone is worth the price of entry. —JB

£1.50 incl. post from: 53 Adams Ave, Abington, Northampton NN1 4LJ

★★★★

### UNTAMED LOVE

Fantagraphics

These four 'classic romance tales' of fawning women in search of that ever elusive embrace of Mr Right are so full of camp melodrama, they'd make even Joan Collins wince. Of course, it's utterly sexist; all the women are totally in awe of their men and Frazzetta's art voyeuristically accentuates the feminine curves — but that's not the point. *Untamed Love* is encapsulated in a bygone era when it was women who had to scale mountains to find 'true love'. Today it's a pure riot because we can recognise that. Buy a box of Kleenex with them, but it's up to you whether it's for tears of heartache or laughter. —JS

★★

★ Now confirmed: **HARVEY KURTZMAN** ★



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### ★ Fancy Dress

Due to the great success of last year's fancy dress contest, we are holding the event again this year. There will be lots of star prizes, so we hope more of you will enter. The contest will be held on Saturday afternoon, so don't forget to get those super-hero costumes dry-cleaned. Changing rooms will be provided.

### ★ Other Matters

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### Confirmed overseas guests

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<b>Dick Giordano</b>	<b>Gilbert Hernandez</b>
<b>Steve Leialoha</b>	<b>Ted McKeever</b>
<b>Mike Mignola</b>	<b>Jerry Ordway</b>
	<b>Trina Robbins</b>

### Confirmed British guests

<b>Jim Baikie</b>	<b>Acme Press Gang</b>	<b>Mick Austin</b>
	<b>Martin Barker</b>	<b>Brian Bolland</b>
<b>John Bolton</b>		<b>Mike Collins</b>
<b>Alan Davis</b>	<b>Jamie Delano</b>	<b>Steve Dillon</b>
	<b>Phil Elliott</b>	<b>Hunt Emerson</b>
<b>Escape Crowd</b>	<b>Brett Ewins</b>	<b>Carlos Ezquerra</b>
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<b>Garry Leach</b>	<b>David Lloyd</b>	<b>Martin Lock</b>
	<b>Dave McKean</b>	<b>Marvel Bullpen</b>
<b>Pat Mills</b>	<b>Grant Morrison</b>	<b>Kevin O'Neill</b>
	<b>The Oink Sty</b>	<b>David Pugh</b>
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**Deadline for advance applications is Friday September 2nd 1988.**

## CRUSH COURSE

## FIRST LOVE

Various

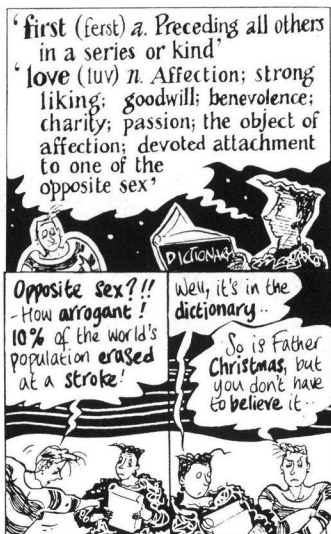
LOOKING AT THE CONTRIBUTORS' list again, I realise that I had no right to be surprised – even astonished – by how remarkably good this collection has turned out to be. This anthology on the 'heady and agonising aspects of that first big heart-throb' is easily one of the most pleasant comic-book reading experiences of the year. Everyone involved deserves congratulation, including the editors Philip Boys & Corinne Pearlman, and the publishers. But it's the creators who shine.

The creators excel themselves. On my first reading, the highlights include: Hunt Emerson's ironic, wordless saga of growing up, sexism and far horizons 'The Kid Next Door'; Jo Nesbitt's portrait of 'The Invasion of the Aunts' – a terrifying vision of the Eumenides on the front room sofa; Trevs Phoenix's bizarre vision of those youthful days of love in the TV jungle, 'I Loved Lucy' (for me, it was Morticia Addams, Samantha Stevens and Emma Peel, but the principle is the same); Julie Hollings hilarious evocation of the Seventies, 'The Red Shoes', in which romance increases proportionally to the height of your platform shoes; Graham Higgins' magnificent 'Helicopters' – actively heartbreaking and funny at the same time; and my personal favourite, Eddie Campbell's quirky 'Model', detailing his fifteen-year-old love for the second daughter in *Fiddler on the Roof*; while 'A Walk on Your Wild Side', Myra Hancock's six page story, somehow avoids the soapbox whilst still thumping home its points about individuality, racism and love.

Groc's 'Unrequited Love' is fun, although it's similar to his piece in *AARGH!*, which used similar jokes to make a much harder point. Kate Charlesworth's 'First Time' walks the line between polemic and revelation, and stumbles occasionally, but any Kate Charlesworth is better than none. And then there's Viv Quillin and the amazing Annie Lawson, David Hine, Rian Hughes, Biff, Caroline Della Porter; Cliff Harper and Posy Simmonds both submit classy and appropriate re-prints; and I know Chris Flewitt's haunting vignette about roses and relationships will repay re-reading.

This collection makes me happy, and hopeful for the future of comic strips in this country. And if considered alongside *AARGH!*, it seems to say something more about the nature of anthologies. We have a huge quantity of highly individual talent in the UK, that seems just to need to be pointed in the right direction and left to get on with it.

If I have a reservation, it's that *First Love* is published in Virago Upstarts, a line of books aimed at teenagers. While I'm sure that teenagers will enjoy it, I do feel that it may miss out on an adult



DEFINITIONS BY KATE CHARLESWORTH

audience, who will never know how much they would have liked it. Still, in mainstream publishing terms, it's a start, and in most other terms it's a huge leap forward.

Buy it. Read it. Give it to friends. It'll be love at first sight.

—Neil Gaiman

Virago Upstarts £3.50 96pp Paperback Published Oct. 27th, but copies will be available at UKCAC on Sept. 24th and 25th. ★★

## L'IL ABNER

Al Capp

SOME PEOPLE ARE SUCKER-PUNCHED when they first encounter Proust or Joyce; with me it was *L'il Abner*. I first saw the strip around the outbreak of World War Two in the comic supplement to an American newspaper sent over by a relative who had gone to live in the States. I was much too young at the time to understand that Al Capp's Dogpatch was a prototype of American society, where he was able to question American values and in most cases destroy them. As a small boy, it was the characters I loved, the Yokums, Jubilation T. Cornpone, Moonbeam MacSwine, Stupefyn' Jones, Slobberlips MacLab, et al, and the cadence of Southern backwoods speech contained in every strip. It was very much later than I came to see Capp's place in the line of the best of American satirists. Kitchen Sink are republishing every Abner strip from first to last, August 13th 1934 to November 13th 1977. This first of fifty four volumes shows



DAISY MAE WOOS L'IL ABNER

how it all began and it is interesting to see that, although the early drawing lacks the articulation of later strips, the basic relationships of the main characters never changed, though Daisy Mae was finally to marry Abner in 1952. My biggest regret is that I will not be around long enough to get the complete set

and catch up on all the strips I've never seen in the late Forties and Fifties, when they became more and more anarchistic, setting up and knocking down sermons, bureaucrats, militarists, even fellow cartoonists.

Much of the strip has passed into American folklore. Once seen, who could ever forget the Kigmy, a creature that existed for people to vent their anger on so they never hurt each other, or the lovable Schmoos, a boneless happy creature that existed only for the pleasure of being eaten. John Steinbeck called Capp the greatest satirist since Laurence Sterne and said he should be considered for a Nobel Prize. I would add that he should also be placed high on the list of great American humorists like James Thurber and S. J. Perelman, humorists who made me laugh, I mean really laugh – a priceless talent.

—Bob Johnson

L'il Abner Vol. One. Kitchen Sink 232pp \$16.95/£10.95 Import Paperback  
★★★★

## CRITICAL LIST

## BLACK KISS

Vortex

Evidently this is a labour of love for Howard Chaykin, who delivers his best drawing for some time. But for this reader it's just...labour. Blackmail, doublecross, hot'n'hotmy sex, all written and paced like the kind of late-night TV film you could break your ankle on, rushing across the room to turn over. *Black Kiss* will not cause cancer in rats and it will not herald the downfall of the West. It may make you feel surprise and deep depression. It will one day be legendary. —TP

## CHERRY POPTART

Last Gasp

If you like lots of explicit banking, then Cherry's your girl. Personally, I don't want to see other people at it in such sordid detail. Larry Welz's drawing is clumsy (ironically it's the sex scenes that suffer most – obviously his hand was shaking too much). His stories are clumsy too, merely excuses for rumpy pump in different settings. Is Cherry Poptart exploited? On the whole I think not. OK, she's a blonde cliche with a tendency for getting jumped on by rampant men, but she can get her leg over with an appetite that outstrips many of her hot-blooded studs. The comics may portray women as sex-obsessed nymphets, but the men are all sex-obsessed jerks, not a lot to choose between them. If it's crude escapism junk that could have sprung straight from the Seventies (not a condom in sight and have you seen their clothes?), it's Welz's wank fantasies on paper and who needs it? —JH

## CHIPS AND VANILLA

Kitchen Sink

Chips, the world's most formidable-looking dog, befriends a school-bullied boy, Vanilla, in Doug Potter's well-scruffy comic. His wide-eyed, almost cute drawing style hides a world where violence rules and the fantasy of a friend who gives you the power to confront your oppressors is seen as not always a good thing. Forget those 'horror' comics. This delivers the goods. —BL

★★★

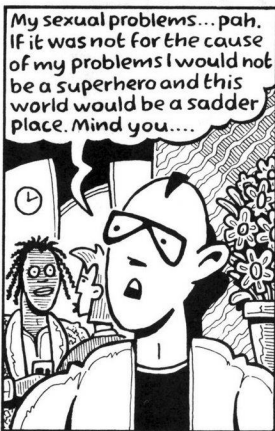
## ACTION 21

Engale

Gerry Anderson's TV shows super-martioned my childhood, so no apologies for my nostalgic gushing, now that the best colour strips from TV21 are finally reprinted in a glossy monthly. There's Frank Bellamy's *Thunderbirds*, Rod Embleton's *Strinyard* and Captain Scarlet and my idol Mike Noble on *Fireball XL5* and *Zero X*. Don't be put off by the cover – this is sumptuous Sixties nirvana. F.A.B.I. —PG

★★★





I have prepared a bowl of atoms to place into the de-radiation oven. But, as this takes some time, here's one I put in....



Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! Must have put the oven into reverse gear. Instead of decreasing the radiation, I multiplied it. Am I stupid or what?



Well I'm still kicking, but god knows what effect all this has had on me. Hello, there's Milo. Come on, old chap.



The blast must've damaged your cage, did it scare you? Never mind, let's go and find some...eh? what's up?



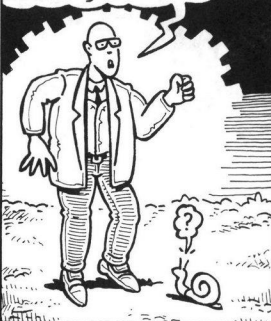
Earghh! Oh me gawd! Milo! You're mutating to death!



I killed him! The radiation has soaked into my cells, turning me into a living killing machine!



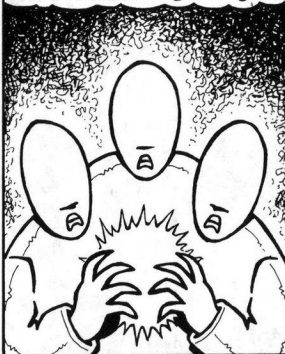
I must learn how to use my powers for good, develop them into instruments of justice, learn to fly, learn to tie my shoe-laces!



So I knitted me a lead-lined suit, constructed some anti-gravity boxer shorts and took to the skies to seek and beat crime.



I took on and defeated lots of villains including The Unbearable Beings of Light..



..and The Graffiti Artist from Hell. But even with my career of justice at its peak, I'm still living an unfulfilled life...



..for that one thing we all need, the physical expression of love, is denied me. I am a leper, albeit a respected one.



I hope I'm not being blunt, but I do think you're being thick. All you have to do is reverse the experiment and erase the radiation.



What, and lose my power? Who will save humanity from the supervillains? The world needs me.



Oh come on, Mistatomic! All this supervillain stuff is twaddish! Try to deal with the real problems out there!



But. Leave out the butts, boy. But. Come back to my lab. I've But. got an experiment that But. should interest you.



Sorry, Sav, I'm taking Mista-tomic home to sort out his problems. Could you get drunk and insult the hosts for me then come home?



You see, old bean, it's only my love that keeps me going. But with love comes pain, and with pain comes drink.



Right then, let's nip down to the rocket-car and...



Stand still while I kill you, Mistatomic! For too long you have stopped me in my quest to wipe out this planet!



Don't you even think about it, Iron Nick, or I'll turn you into a mega malignant growth!



Now that's enough of that! I told you to forget all this childish nonsense. Come with me right now!



And as for you, grow up will you!



Let's belt up and lift off.



Well here we are. Lynchville, a desperate try for immortality by a second-rate cartoonist. Haha, just kidding, Bob.



We're over my house now. I think we'll save time by going straight to the lab...



This way we avoid the tedious interim bits and get straight to the emotional climax of this story. Get your atoms ready.

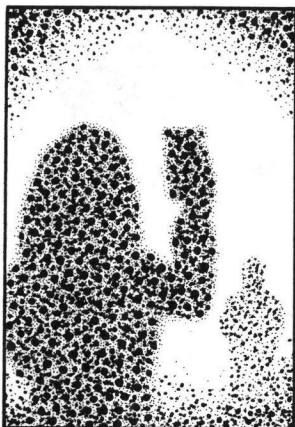




I have devised salt crystals that absorb the radiation from the atmosphere, a bit like an atomic air-freshener.



I shall plonk you and these crystals into a vacuum-tube. When I seal the lid you twist open the flask and....



Three hours later.

Hello, Kathy darling, I'm home. Your fish got lucky in love, I was thrown out and Godzilla.... gosh.



Rubble, smoke, the smell of fresh radiation, somethings gone amiss around here. And where's Kathy and Misticatonic? What's that?



Hi, Sav, Kathy here. I've just invented this holograph to explain what's happened and why we're not here.



Well my salt crystals went unstable on me and I've become very radioactive. As this will affect our relationship I think it's best if I leave you for Misticatonic. Sorry.



Please don't see this as a rejection. I still have a great fondness for you, but there are more important things in life. Must go now, Iron Nick must be destroyed.



Oh well, it's back to masturbation I suppose.



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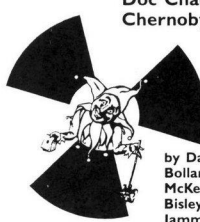



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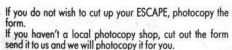
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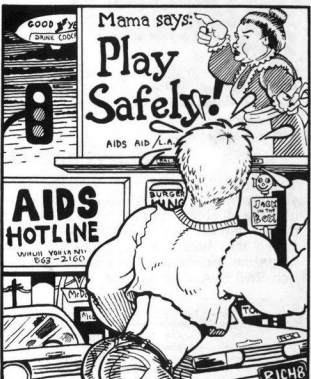
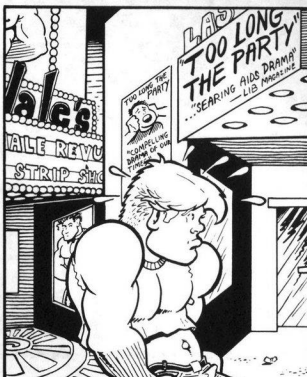
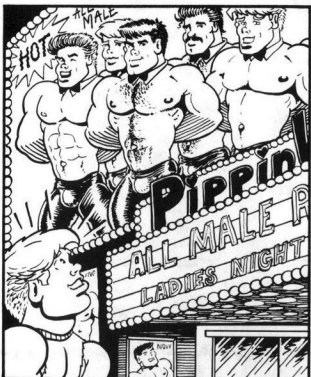
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# HIP PARADE

The first number tells the position of the entry this issue; the second its position last issue; the third is the number of previous issues in which the entry has appeared. The Fickle Finger of Fate identifies entries new to the Hip Parade.

- ★ **1-1 LOS BROS** 7  
**HERNANDEZ**  
Jaime's barrio punkettes and Gilbert's Palomar magic, Fantagraphics & Titan
- ▲ **2-6 KRAZY KAT** 7  
Herriman's gems reprinted by Eclipse
- ▲ **3- BRIAN BOLLAND** 1  
Killing Joke, DC & Titan and Mr Mamoulain, Escape
- ▲ **4- CALVIN AND HOBBS** 1  
A boy and his tiger by Bill Watterson
- ▲ **5-7 LUTHER** 2  
**ARKWRIGHT**  
Bryan Talbot, Valkyrie Press
- ▲ **6-10 MAUS** 4  
Art Spiegelman, Pantheon, Penguin and André Deutsch
- ▼ **7-2 MARSHAL LAW** 2  
Pat Mills & Kevin O'Neill, Epic
- ▼ **8-3 WATCHMEN** 6  
Moore & Gibbons, DC and Titan



- ▲ **9- STEVEN APPLEBY** 7  
Captain Star & the crew of the Boiling Hell
- ▲ **10- CHARLES BURNS** 3  
El Borbâh and Big Baby



V FOR VENDETTA VERSUS A FASCIST FUTURE BRITAIN, IN AT 14

- ▼ **11-4 EDDIE CAMPBELL** 5  
Deadface & Bacchus, Harrier
- ▲ **12-13 BILL SIENKIEWICZ** 5  
Elektra & Stray Toasters, Epic
- ▼ **13-11 GLENN DAKIN** 6  
Paris Man of Plaster, Harrier
- ▲ **14- V FOR VENDETTA** 7  
Alan Moore & David Lloyd, DC
- ▼ **15-5 MUÑOZ & SAMPAYO** 5  
Joe's Bar and Alack Sinner
- ▲ **16- CHESTER BROWN** 1  
Yummy Fur, Vortex

- ▲ **17-26 BATMAN** 3  
Nana-nana-nana-nana...!
- ▼ **18-9 FRANK MILLER** 6  
Dark Knight & Batman Year One, DC & Titan
- ▲ **19-29 DOONESBURY** 5  
Garry Trudeau in The Guardian
- ▼ **20-17 ENKI BILAL** 1  
Gods in Chaos & The Woman Trap, Catalan & Titan
- ▲ **21- STEVE BELL** 5  
If in The Guardian
- ▼ **22-18 HELLBLAZER** 1  
Delano & Piers Rayner, DC
- ▼ **23-14 EDDY CURRENT** 1  
Ted McKeever, Mad Dog



- ▲ **24- CARL BARKS** 7  
Donald Duck & Uncle Scrooge, Gladstone
- ▲ **25- THE FAR SIDE** 1  
Gary Larson
- ▲ **26- ZENITH** 1  
Grant Morrison & Steve Yeowell, 2000AD
- ▼ **27-20 VIOLENT CASES** 1  
Neil Gaiman & Dave McKean, Escape
- ▼ **28-19 MARK BEYER** 1  
Agony, Raw and Pantheon
- ▼ **29-8 MOEBIUS** 4  
Jodorowsky's Incal and Lee's Silver Surfer
- ▲ **30- AKIRA** 7  
Katsuhiro Otomo, Epic

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## BEST IN ISSUE

Here are the top five favourite strips from last issue. Voted for by ESCAPE readers. Be sure and tell us which strips in this issue you like the most.

- |                             |                       |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| <b>1 Decelt</b>             | <b>Steven Appleby</b> |
| <b>2 Mr Mamoulain</b>       | <b>Brian Bolland</b>  |
| <b>3 Letter to Irina</b>    | <b>Regis Franc</b>    |
| <b>4 Rocketgirl</b>         | <b>Phillip Bond</b>   |
| <b>5 Falcon of the Yard</b> | <b>Mark Robinson</b>  |

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To WIN! WIN! All you have to do is send in your Hip Parade of up to TEN have rave comics, characters, cartoons or cartoonists (if you can't think of ten list FIVE) either on the handy fun-form in this issue, or on a postcard to: Escape Magazine, Hip Parade, 156 Munster Road, London SW6 5RA. Closing date is September 1st

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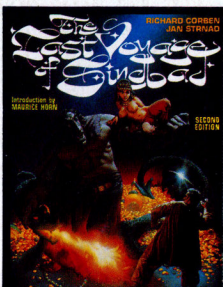
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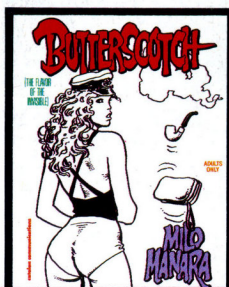
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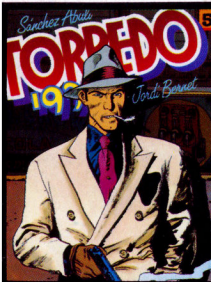
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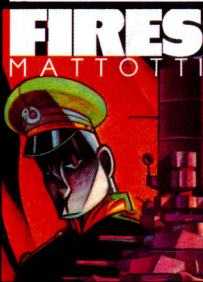


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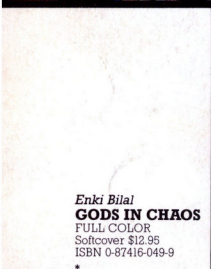
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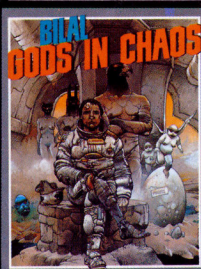


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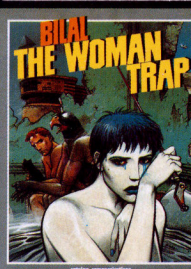
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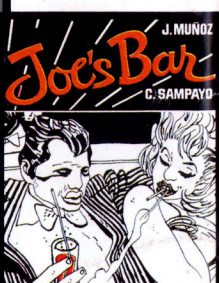


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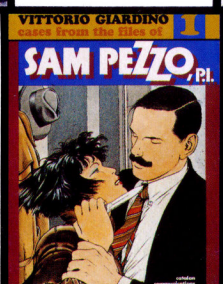


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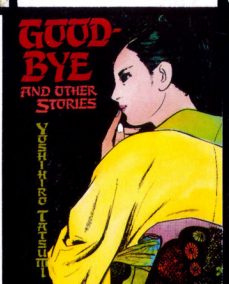
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